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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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HARRY RYAN TAKES FALL TO INSTANT DEATH.

Fell From "Goddess of Justice" on Court House.

HIS BRAINS WERE DASHED OUT.

Practically Every Bone in His Body Broken—Went Up Merely to Show His Prowess as a "Steeple Jack"—Leaves a Wife and Five Children.

Harry Ryan, better known as "Reddy," met his death at 2:35 o'clock Monday afternoon by falling from the shoulders of the "Goddess of Justice" on top of the court house, to the ground, a distance of 180 feet.

The unfortunate man and "Jack" Boulton had been around town together during the early part of the day and finally they got to discussing their ability as "Steeple Jacks." "Reddy" said that he could climb up and kiss the "Goddess" without aid of ropes or staying, and started to prove it, Boulton following him soon after in an attempt to prevent him carrying out his rash threat. Those who saw him make the start did not take him seriously because the door leading up into the tower is usually locked and they knew the janitor would not give him the key. But it just happened that the door was not locked and in a short time people on Main street saw Ryan come out of the top window on the east side and climb up the green roof to the pedestal on which the "Goddess" stands, and pretty soon Boulton showed his head out of the window from which his companion had come, but he did not venture any further.

Hymn book quite an hour and on the pedestal and the spectators thought he would not venture further but pretty soon he attempted to continue his perilous ascent. The "Goddess" is fourteen feet in height and he made several unsuccessful attempts to complete the task. Finally he got a foothold on some of the folds in her iron draperies and raised himself until he got his arms around her waist, and from there it seemed easy to reach her shoulders.

He first placed his legs around her neck. He looked into her face and apparently kissed her and then made some remarks about her being pretty good looking to the anxious spectators below.

He finally started to make the descent and had just let himself down her back and let go of her shoulders with one of his hands when his other hand slipped. He made a frantic effort to catch himself but it was too late and he came crashing down to the ground, striking on the cornish over the clock on the roof of the tower and the roof of the entrance, finally landing on the ground on the west side of the steps facing the MINER office, not more than ten feet from Janitor Bush who was mowing the lawn at the time.

Many were watching him make the perilous trip and in an instant a hundred people were gathered around his lifeless remains. Dr. Ostrander was among the first on the scene and straightened him out on his back and made a hasty examination. But it only took a glance to see that he was past all earthly troubles for his head was terribly cut, his skull crushed and his brains lying a few feet from his body on the grass.

The writer was among those who witnessed this terrible scene and many would turn their heads away as he would move about in his perilous position but still they could not keep their eyes off from him. Nearly everyone seemed to have a premonition that he would fall and many remarked that he would never come down alive. Just before he started to come down someone remarked that the descent was most dangerous and in another minute he was flying through the air. We learn that the door had been left open to give painters who had been working on the inside of the tower access to their work.

Harry Ryan was about 34 years old and is survived by a wife and five children, the eldest of whom is about 13 years of age, who reside on Hilton avenue, near the Smethport Window Glass factory. He also has one brother and one sister living in New Castle. He was born in New Castle and was a glass blower by trade. He had worked here for about five years and was a member of the glass workers fraternity in which he carried an insurance of $500 on his life.

Coroner Hall was notified but decided that an inquest was unnecessary and under the direction of the members of the above fraternity his body was taken in charge by Undertaker Susse and prepared for burial.

His remains were taken to New Castle yesterday and the funeral will be held at that place to-day, under the auspices of the Window Glass Workers association.

An Episode of the Shawmut.

Three Friendship young men left their quiet home last Sunday morning and took in the Shawmut excursion to St. Marys. They were so enthusiastic over escaping from York State for an entire day that they indulged in a program of revelry, in which the flowing bowl was a headliner.

Returning from St. Marys the wild mountain air aroused their turbulent spirits and a fight was the result. A window was badly fractured, as was the peace and quietness of the Sabbath. All this was contrary to the riot act and offended the sensibilities of Shawmut Detective Welsh, who seized his trusty club and proceeded to save his velory. He gallantly waded into the fracas and with the help of trusty lieutenants captured three of the belligerants and mounted guard over them in a baggage car.

Constable Jones of Smethport was notified by telephone to be at the station when the train arrived to receive three prisoners. The crowd at the station did not know of what the men were accused and when they descended from the car, with clanking chains, each in the grasp of a husky railroader, opinions differed as to whether they were murderers or train robbers. When the news of their real offense was circulated through the throng many of the bystanders very unkindly gave the courageous detective the laugh and made facetious remarks calculated to wound his dignity. After delivering the prisoners into the custody of Constable Jones he modestly retired from the somewhat doubtful compliments bestowed upon him by rude and thoughtless persons.

The trio of New Yorkers were confined in the lock-up until Monday, when the railroad company, it is understood, agreed not to prosecute them for indulging in a riot if they would pay costs and damages. The young men accepted the offer and paid the amount—about $25, before Justice B. L. Knapp.

From the acquaintance of the young men it is learned that they are ordinarily law-abiding and industrious citizens and not in the light of starting riots, but aside from the shock to their feelings, the broken window and Sabbath, which has been desecrated too, and the efforts of people to befriend Mr. Welsh's glory, the incident closed very happily.

More Water Needed.

A correspondent says: "It seems absurd that in a vicinity where the natural advantages for an abundant water supply are so many and the streams so favorably located for constructing reservoirs for a gravity system that there ever should be the slightest fear of a water shortage in Smethport.

"Now, if a week or two passes without rain, it is pretty certain to bring forth a warning to be saving of water. From all reports the stock in the water company pays good dividends and has done so for quite a number of years, therefore it would seem to be up to the organization to keep up their facilities for furnishing their patrons with water in proportion to the growth of the town, even if it has to spend some money to do so.

"Of course, so far this season, no one has been seriously inconvenienced by lack of water, but even the hint that a shortage is liable to occur is not a good send off for the town, especially at this stage of its industrial development, when new industries are about to start and negotiations are being made for others. The present reservoir should be enlarged or another one constructed."

Emporium Young Lady Assaulted.

About 9:30 o'clock Monday evening, while Miss Bell Husted, one of Emporium's highly respected young ladies, was going to the Herdic residence in Plank Road Hollow, she was met by an Italian. His actions aroused the young lady's suspicion and she told him to stand away and let her pass. With this he grabbed her by the throat and threw her to the ground. Being a lady of good physique she grabbed the fiend, who was smaller than she, and hurled him to the ground and made her escape, at the same time screaming for help. The Ike became frightened and ran. Although terribly frightened she was a match for her assailant. It is a great shame she did not have a gun. A number of young men attempted to find the scoundrel but the frightened lady could not give sufficient description to aid to the hunt. Too bad that Judge Lynch cannot have a chance at some of the sneaking curs that infest our streets at night. No lady should ventur out at night and especially in sparcely settled sections, without an escort.—Emporium Press.

Notice.

Sealed bids or proposals for 32,056 square yards of paving in the borough of Smethport, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, will be received by the town clerk of said borough, at the Borough Council Rooms, until 5 o'clock p. m., on Thursday, August 29th, 1907. Plans and specifications may be obtained from the town clerk at any time prior to said date.

W. G. HOLDEN, Clerk.

Smethport, Aug. 7, 1907.

THE CAPITOL GRAFTERS TO BE PUNISHED.

That is What the Investigating Committee Recommends.

CRIMINAL OR CIVIL SUITS

Will Be Brought Against Several Who Were Implicated—Governor Stuart Promises to Speedily Bring Accused Men to Justice—Big Profits on the Furnishings.

An Associated Press dispatch from Harrisburg dated Aug. 16, says: Criminal and civil proceedings against all persons concerned in the fraudulent transactions in connection with the construction and furnishing of the Pennsylvania $13,000,000 capitol is recommended in the final report of the Capitol Investigation Commission made to Gov. Stuart to-day. Eighteen persons are named in the report as being involved in one way or another in the irregular transactions and the Attorney General, through the Governor, is urged to act at once.

The persons named and against whom either criminal or civil suits are recommended are: John H. Sanderson of Philadelphia, contractor for furnishings; Thomas M. Houston, Philadelphia, architect, and Sandford H. Lewis, his assistant; James M. Shumaker of Johnstown, former superintendent of the board of public grounds and buildings; W. P. Snyder and E. B. Hardenbergh, former Auditor General; W. Mebane and Frank G. Harris, former State treasurer; Congressman H. H. Carrell, president of the Pennsylvania Construction Co. which supplied the marble ceilings and furniture; Geo. F. Payne, who built the capitol, and his partner, Chas. G. Weitzel; Chas. P. Kinsman, Willis Hudson, John G. Nadderer and Geo. K. Storm, who organized the Pennsylvania Bronze Co., which supplied the leaded lighting fixtures to Sanderson; Frank Irvine, of auditing in the Auditor General's office; Geo. C. Towa, bookkeeper under Shumaker, and the Tuly national Manufacturing and Supply Co.

Gov. Pennypacker, who by virtue of his office was a member of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, which let the furnishing contracts and those of former Gov. Stone and his associates who made up the commission which constructed the Capitol, are not mentioned in the list of persons against whom the investigators recommend that action be taken.

Senator A. G. Dewalt and Representative R. Scott Ammerman, the Democratic members of the commission, presented a brief supplemental report, in which they specifically name most of those already mentioned as criminally and civilly liable for the frauds against the State. They are in entire accord with the report of the Republican members and presented their supplement as a further expression of their individual views.

The commission says that it was able to ascertain by testimony that goods costing $1,774,399 were sold to the State by Sanderson and the Pennsylvania Construction Co. for $6,434,48, a profit of $1,800,849.

The report was presented to the Governor by Chairman Fisher in the presence of the commission.

After receiving it, Governor Stuart issued a statement in which he said: "I will transmit the report to the Attorney General for his action and I can assure the people of Pennsylvania that there will be a vigorous prosecution of every person whom the evidence may show to have been guilty of any criminal offense in connection with the construction and furnishing of the State Capitol.

"Wherever the evidence submitted shows that there has been any money wrongfully or fraudulently taken from the State treasury, civil suits will be taken to compel restitution."

The Commonwealth will be represented by the Attorney General and his deputy, James Scarlett, of council for the Investigation Commission and State Senator Fox of this city. David W. Watson of Pittsburg will be associated with the Attorney General as advisory counsel.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 17, 1907:

Irene Andrus, Mrs. A. J. Ackerman, Mrs. J. W. Boulton, C. A. Whitney.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Don't forget to stop at Young's store and look over the inducements offered.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Death From Tetanus.

Friday's Bradford Era says: Stanly B. Amon died Wednesday night at 12 o'clock of lockjaw at his parents home on High street. A hemlock sliver in the lad's foot was the cause of the fatality. The boy stepped on the sliver about 10 days ago, but the wound was such a slight one that but little attention was given to it for several days. But the wound failed to heal and a physician was consulted, the impression being that part of the sliver might remain in the foot. The physician failed to find it. This was on last Friday. Saturday evening the boy again called at the office of the physician and told of symptons that aroused the suspicions of the doctor. On Sunday the symptoms of tetanus became evident and the boy was soon in a critical condition. His death was the result.

The deceased was aged 12 years and was a bright and manly youth. He was a member of the First Baptist Sunday school and was well thought of by his companions. His parents have the sympathy of all in their bereavement.

Bad Automobile Accident.

William McKeown of Washington, Pa., and Miss Emma R. Quinn of Bradford, Pa., were seriously hurt in an automobile accident at Sunnyside, near Kinderhook, Columbia county, Sunday evening. Mr. McKeown has a fractured thigh and ribs and Miss Quinn is suffering from concussion of the brain and broken ribs. Both were brought to Albany on a trolley car and taken to a hospital.

With Mr. McKeown's mother and sister they were touring in two cars. It is said that the steering gear of the automobile failed and the machine turned over while going swiftly down a hill.

William McKeown mentioned in the above dispatch, formerly lived at Mt. Alton and is well known in Bradford and Smethport. He is general field manager of the McKeown estate.—Bradford Era.

Three Fiends.

The case of Frank Cornella and James and Maggie Lowers was taken up Saturday morning and required the entire day. Cornella was charged by Mary Lowers, aged 13 years, with criminal assault, and James and Maggie Lowers were charged with being accessories. D. J. Driscoll acted as district attorney and Joseph S. Flynn was counsel for the defense. Mary Lowers said the offense was committed in January and that her father and step-mother held her. In the information first made it appeared that the offense was committed in June and the defendants showed they were working at the time. A number of witnesses were heard and the case did not go to the jury until late in the afternoon. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and the three defendents were sentenced to 15 years in the Western Penitentiary.—Ridgway Daily Record.

School Announcements.

School will open Monday, Sept. 2.

The fifth and sixth grades will occupy the new annex.

All who desire to take special examinations in any work will notify the principal on or before Thursday, Aug. 27, and will present themselves on Friday, Aug. 30, to take the examinations. Pupils who enter from other schools will do well to bring reports and secure entrance cards from principal during week before school begins. Office hours 1 to 3 p. m.

Parents will remember that it is essential that children begin school on the first day, Monday, Sept. 2, so that they may get a good start in their work.

T. T. ALLEN, Principal.

An Alleged Holdup.

Monday information was made before Justice B. L. Knapp that an Italian at Clermont was trying to obtain money from a fellow country man by making threats of a blood-curdling nature. A warrant was issued for the man's arrest, charging surety of the peace, and was served by Constable Jones. The prisoner was apparently so docile and congenial that the constable allowed him considerable latitude and as a result the wily Italian made a sudden and neat skidoo. Some of Billy's friends seized upon the opportunity to have fun with the constable over the escape, and they had better make the most of it, for it is very seldom that a man gets away from this officer—and the chances are that Mr. Jones will eventually land this one.

Five Day Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Saturday, Aug. 24th, the B., R. & P. Ry. will sell excursion tickets to Niagara Falls for train leaving Mt. Jewett 2:54 p. m. at fare of $8.00. Tickets will be good returning from Niagara Falls or Buffalo up to and including Aug. 28th.

A Popular School.

Westbrook Academy, Oleon, N. Y., is a school of merit and standing. The school does not employ any road agents. Catalogue free.

I will be prepared to give Facial Massage by a Electro Vibrator in my residence after Aug. 23. ALBERTA STURDEVENT.

Subscribe for the MINER.

MAKE THE FAIR SMETHPORT'S OLD HOME WEEK

For This Year We Celebrate Our One Hundredth Anniversary.

FORMER RESIDENTS SHOULD COME.

Exhibits Will be of a High Standard—Races Fast and Interesting—A Gay Midway—Old Friends You Will Surely Meet.

The third annual Fair and Races of the McKean County Fair Association will mark the One Hundredth Anniversary of the settling of Smethport and on this account its managers are making preparations for a record breaking crowd, gathered from all parts of the United States.

In September, 1807, the town which now is the borough of Smethport was laid out and the first settlers located and built their homes at the junction of Nunnedasa and Marvin creeks. Therefore it is no more than one hundred years from that time that we should pay tribute to our sturdy forefathers by celebrating the event, and the proper days for this celebration is the days of the Fair and Races, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, September 17, 18, 19 and 20.

Every man, woman and child who has ever resided in Smethport or, in fact, in McKean county, will want to come back to the old place on this occasion, and spend a few days with their old friends and relatives, for no one ever lived in Smethport or McKean county and moved away without carrying an undying love for the beautiful scenery and surroundings and dear friends left behind, or perhaps moved, like themselves, to some other distant place for no doubt can ever be made that those who shared each other's fortunes and misfortunes in this vicinity during the earlier days when the old pine lumber business made millionaires of paupers and paupers of millionaires in a day and all were on the same social plane, ready and willing to share their fortunes with the unfortunate.

Those were grand old days in this section and the absent ones will be glad of the opportunity of gathering once more at the hub of the county, where such close friendships were formed and sealed in such a way that time never can erase or deface them. They will all be welcome and everybody will put forward their best efforts to make this return visit one of the most pleasant occasions of their lives and one that will leave nothing but pleasant memories.

The managers of the Fair Association are making an extra effort to have ample entertainment for everybody who attends on this occasion. The races will be fully up to the standard of the best of this class and better than most of them. The purses have been greatly increased as a special inducement for good horses and good races. The premiums of live stock, farm produce, dairy products, needle work, and in fact everything exhibited at county fairs have been made large enough to be especially attractive to the best breeders, farmers and artists in the county. Aside from these are the special prizes to grangers which are creating much interest among those bodies throughout the county.

The midway will be much better than in previous years. At this time we cannot give a complete list of the attractions but they will be many in number and of a high order, and we know there have been many applications for space on this popular avenue of amusement.

The third week in September will be a gala week in Smethport and you can see all your old friends and make many new ones if you are among the many present.

Get Ready.

The Clarion State Normal School opens September 10. In order to secure a room it will be to your advantage to write early to the Principal, J. George Becht, Clarion, Pa. Send for the new catalogue. Expences low.

Reduced Rates to Saratoga Springs Account G. A. R. Encampment.

For the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., September 9 to 14, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Saratoga Springs from all stations on its lines September 7 to 9, inclusive, good returning to leave Saratoga Springs September 8 to 17, at reduced rates. Stop over at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington will be granted on tickets reading via these cities. Tickets via N. Y. will be honored by hudson river boat lines between New York and Albany or Troy.

By deposit of ticket with special agent at Saratoga Springs and the payment of $1.00 an extension of the return limit to October 6 may be obtained.

For full information regarding stop-overs, rates of fare, conditions of tickets and train service consult Ticket Agents.

Ice cream and cake 10 cents on Saturday night at Brasted's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Friday noon, last Saturday, January 23d, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Wright, of this place, were united in marriage at Eldred, but what was known at the early day as Argo. In view of that fact several of the aged couple's friends conceived the idea that the occasion would be a proper one on which to show their appreciation for Mr. and Mrs. Wright's worth as neighbors and citizens and to further that object invitations were sent to their relatives and a few journalistic friends of Mr. W. But the self-constituted committee did not mean that those who were favored with special invitations should be the only ones to meet and extend their congratulations to the venerable couple, at their residence at Mr. P. D. Hopkins', on the above date, but they were of the opinion that it would be best to use the local papers as a medium of extending a general invitation to all friends and well wishers of the couple. Without going into detail, Mr. and Mrs. Wright's condition is well known to almost every citizen of Smethport, and how in their declining years, what would be more appropriate than for their friends to show by act and deed that they are not forgotten in their old age. Therefore let all unite in making the fiftieth wedding anniversary of this estimable couple one of the happiest ones of their lives.

Died, at the residence of her mother in Keating township, Tuesday, January 18, 1887, at 8:45 a. m., of cancer of the stomach, Eliza D. Wendel, daughter of Philetus and Laura Ann Gallup. The deceased was born in Norwich township, near Colegrove, September 2, 1850. Since July last she had been a patient sufferer from the terrible disease to which she finally succumbed. For more than fifteen years past she had been a worthy member of the M. E. church of Smethport, and died in the full assurance of a living faith and in a bright expectation of a glorious immortality. A large concourse of sorrowing friends met at the residence of the bereaved at 10 o'clock Thursday morning, and after prayer, the procession wended its way to the Union church at Colegrove, where Rev. Wm. Bradley delivered a very impressive sermon. The remains were interred in the Colegrove cemetery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Edee Henderson died very suddenly Friday, Jan. 14, 1887, at 2:30 p. m., at her residence in Hamlin, Norwich township, in the 59th year of her age. She was born about the year 1811, in the town of Hessendemstadt, Germany, on the Rhine, and came to America in 1840, landing in Philadelphia, where she remained two years, when she came to the place then called Teutonia, in Sergeant township. Here she was married on January 1, 1843, to William Heinemann, who had come from Dudderstaat, Germany, to this country a few years previous, and was one of the first settlers of Teutonia. While living in this place three daughters were born unto them, one of which died in infancy and another after moving to Norwich. In September, 1848, they left Teutonia and purchased the farm on which they have since resided, and where, by industry and frugality, they have secured a comfortable competence for their old age and to leave their surving children.

Mrs. Heinemann was very domestic in her disposition and especially fond of her home and grandchildren, whom she loved to care. She possessed a kind heart and was always ready to offer help and sympathy to the needy and distressed. She had been in poor health for many years but, excepting that she was suffering from a bad cold, was apparently as well as usual when death's summons came and she was called to leave her afflicted husband, who unexpectedly survives her, and whose bereavement is doubly sad because he can not understand it. Two daughters survive her—Lena, wife of Christian Herzog, who, with her husband, remained at, and had the care of the old homestead, until the spring of 1885, when they moved to Smethport, but came back last November to care for her father during his sickness and, consequently, were with her mother, to whom she had ever been a tender, faithful and filial attendant at the time of her death.

Amelia is the wife of Schuyler Smith of Jamestown, where they reside. Both are estimable, much respected women in well-to-do circumstances. The funeral services of the deceased were held last Sunday afternoon, in the Union church at Colegrove, by the Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore, assisted by Rev. M. D. Altice of Keating Summit. The sermon by Rev. C. H. Mitchelmore was preached from John 14:2. A large concourse of people, many of them old-time friends and neighbors, who came to take their last look of her and to say a last farewell, attended the services and followed her to her resting place in the Norwich cemetery. Another of the old landmarks that are going so rapidly. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in this, their double affliction.

The Walking Kettles.

By FLOYD INGALLS.

Copyright, 1897, by James Schreiber.

I WAS introduced to them in an unexpected way, and I did not soon recover from the intense curiosity [illegible] of them.

I had gone to the old Hunt house, in Dorchester, Mass., to take dinner with my aunt. We two, my aunt and I, had wandered over the house, up the huge stairways and down into the cellar. Suddenly aunt opened the door of an old pantry on the floor of the porch and said, "Didn't look here!"

"What, aunt?"

"The two brass kettles."

Two enormous brass kettles met my eyes. They were turned over on the floor, and each would have held the contents of a half barrel.

"Those are the ones, my dear."

"What ones, aunt?"

"The ones that saved the two children from the old Indian stranglier."

"What Indian stranglier?" I asked, with intense interest.

"Oh, the one in King Philip's war. Didn't you ever hear the story?"

"No, aunt."

"Well, I'll get Uncle Zebedee to tell it to you after dinner. Come."

"But what could any one do with such kettles as those? Where did they hang them?" I continued.

"Come here, and I will show you."

She swept away and I shut the door of the dark room, which was lighted only by opening the door, and followed her. We went into the kitchen. She pointed to an enormous fireplace and said, "There, child."

"But, aunt, how did the two brass kettles save the children?" I asked again.

"Oh, they crawled about all over the floor here, there and yonder," pointing.

"Which crawled about, the kettles or the children, aunt?"

A din here fell upon the air and echoed through the great, fortress-like house. It was the dinner bell, no doubt.

"Come, child, let's go. Uncle Zebedee will tell you all about it."

In a moment we were in the dining hall. How grand it all seemed! The sideboard was full of baked meats and steaming pies. Over it hung a flintlock gun or a blunderbuss. The room had been decorated for the occasion with evergreen, holly and boughs, loaded with pickles that had been kindly sent to the Squire's table. There was a wholesome, old-time air about the room in which were [illegible] staples. Thanksgiving [illegible] of a dinner, it seemed. At the head of the table was great Uncle Zebedee, a jovial old man, [illegible]

After the meal was served Uncle Zebedee began to say grace. He had clasped [illegible] and then, [illegible] and he made [illegible] seemed to [illegible] often he had nothing more to say. It was so even in his prayer, and was very noticeable in his story-telling. There usually followed an "and" when the story was done.

It was a queer structure, the old Mintl house in Dorchester. It was

TWO ENORMOUS BRASS KETTLES MET MY EYES.

really a brick house dressed in wood—a fort house it was called. It was built in this way to protect the dwellers against rude Indian assaults. There were many such houses in the old colonies, but one by one they grew gray with moss and vanished. The Mintl house itself was burned about twenty years ago after standing about 230 years.

The old people of Dorchester and Neponset must remember it. It rose solemn and stately at the foot of the high hills overlooking the sea meadows. The high tide came into the thatch margins near it and went out again, leaving the abundant shellfish spouting in the sun. The fringed gentians grew amid the aftermath of the hayfields around it. The orioles swung in the tall trees in summer time, and ospreys circled and screamed in the clear sky over all.

But the orchards! Here were the fullness and perfection of the old New England orchards! The south winds of May scattered the apple blossoms like snow over the emerald turf and filled the air with fragrance. The earliest bluebirds came to them, and there the first robins built their nests. How charming and airy it all was in May, when the days were melting into summer, and how really beautiful and full of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything [illegible] of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

Do You Think For Yourself?

Or, do you open your mouth like a young bird and gulp down whatever food or medicine may be offered you?

When a woman intelligent thinking woman in need of relief from weakness, nervousness, pain and sickness, sees in a medicine which is known to you that there is one tried and true honest medicine of known composition, sold by druggists for the cure of woman's ills,

The makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for the cure of weak, nervous, run-down, over-worked, debilitated, pain-racked women, knowing this medicine to be made up of ingredients, every one of which has the strongest possible indorsement of the leading and standard authorities of the several schools of practice, are perfectly willing, and in fact, are only too glad to print, as they do, the formula, or list of ingredients, of which it is composed, in plain English, on every bottle-wrapper.

The formula of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bear the most critical examination of medical experts, for, it contains no alcohol, narcotics, harmful, or habit-forming drugs, and no agent enters into it that is not highly recommended by the most advanced and leading medical teachers and authorities of their several schools of practice. These authorities recommend the ingredients of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of exactly the same ailments for which this world-famed remedy is advised.

No other medicine for woman's ills has any such professional endorsement as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has received, in the unqualified recommendation of each of its several ingredients by scores of leading medical men of all the schools of practice. Is such an endorsement not worthy of your consideration?

A booklet of ingredients, with numerous authoritive profesional endorsements by the leading medical authorities of this country, will be mailed free to any one sending name and address with request for same. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE BIG STORE.

Ney and Myers Hay Carriers, Single and Double Harpoon Hay-forks, Scythes and Snaths, Rope, Binder Twine, Mason Lightning and Safety Valve Fruit Cans, Jelly Glasses, Aluminum-Preserving Kettles, Screen Doors and Windows, at . . . .

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 22, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The McKean County Fair and Races this year will be worth coming many miles to see.

—A Massachusetts physician claims that he bleeds his patients just as he did 60 years ago. An exchange thinks it does an old-time joke in this admission.

—Fall session of the Edinboro Normal opens Sept. 10th. Those who wish to attend should engage rooms early. Write for catalog. John F. Bigler, prin.

—Frank M. Wagner, a well-known Bradford man, died in a Brooklyn hospital on Saturday of typhoid-pneumonia. He was aged about 37 years and was formerly manager of the Wagner Opera House at Bradford.

—Bath, Me., has just celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the building of the first sea-going vessel in the new world. Bath has built more wooden vessels than any other American shipbuilding town. Having built the first and most, its celebration was certainly justified.

—Fourteen American and foreign training schools and colleges are represented in the faculty of the Lock Haven State Normal School. It is very doubtful if there is any other secondary school in this state whose faculty has this distinction. Address for illustrated catalog, the Principal.

—On Monday Vaughn Keister and some other boys were at play at an old well near the Guffey road, where they had a fire started, when Vaughn's clothes took fire. He promptly landed in a pool of water and extinguished the fire, but not before a blister was burned on his back the size of a dinner plate. His presence of mind probably saved his life, or at least more severe burns.—Mt. Jewett News.

—A blow from a cow's tail caused the death of William A. Wells, a prominent resident of Newark Valley, N. Y., last week. Mr. Wells was in good health and attending his farm chores when a cow he was milking switched her tail, striking him on the forehead with the fleshy part of the appendage. Shortly after he went to the house complaining of a pain in the head, which grew rapidly worse, and a physician was summoned, who pronounced it a stroke of apoplexy superinduced by a blow from the cow's tail. Mr. Wells died.

Sandy's Criticism.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violoncello fairly well. On his return to his native village he gathered his friends together to hear his new instrument. When he had played one or two tunes, he looked up expectantly. After a slight pause his old grandfather spoke.

"Eh, mayn," he said, "it's a maircy there's no smell wi' it!"—Liverpool Mercury.

He Knew.

Lady Customer—I wish to tell you how these shoes of mine are to be made. Shoemaker—Oh, I know that well enough; large inside and small outside.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

Pretty Bad.

Wife—Aren't you going to smoke those cigars I gave you? Husband—No; I'm keeping them till Tommy begins to want to smoke. They'll settle it!—Illustrated Bits.

Authoritative.

"So you are going to leave your studio?"

"Leave? No. Who told you so?"

"Your landlord."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Self-conquest is the greatest victory.—Plato.

A Is China.

Mamma—Come now, son, and take your medicine like a good little boy. You know in China all the children take medicine when well to keep them from being sick.

Little Boy—And do they whip the children in China when they are good to keep them from being naughty?—St. Louis Republic.

They Both Pitch.

Which is the greater marvel, the crack baseball pitcher or the circus man? The baseball star, to be sure, pitches a ball with wonderful facility, but the circus man pitches a tent.—Boston Globe.

Never Touched Him.

"I hate work," said Languid Lewis. "I don't see why," rejoined Humble Harry. "It's a safe bet dat work never done youse no harm."—Chicago News.

The beginning of wisdom is not in the mind, but in the heart.—Abbott.

Summer coughs and colds yield at once to Bees Laxative Cough Syrup. Contains honey and tar but no opiates. Children like it. Pleasant to take. Its laxative qualities recommend it to mothers. Hoarseness, coughs, croup yield quickly. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

FIREMEN'S DAY AT BUFFALO.

City Fire Department and Scores of Volunteer Companies in a Parade.

Firemen's Day in Buffalo's Old Home Week, September 1st to 7th, will see one of the best parades of firemen held in any city in this state in many years according to the programe now under consideration.

Not only will a large part of the Buffalo City Fire Department turn out, but scores of volunteer fire companies from all over the state are expected to be in line. The red-blouse and blue-jacketed fire laddies will march with as much of their home apparatus as will tend to make the parade picturesque.

The big arsenal on Broadway formerly occupied by the 65th Regiment of militia will be used to quarter the apparatus from out of town and provision has been made by the local volunteer organizations for entertainment of the visiting firemen.

The parade will have several features, one of which will be the contrast of the most antiquated hand engine that has ever been in service in this state with the most modern fire engine employed in the Buffalo department. An attempt is being made to locate the oldest fireman in point of service to ride on a float, ringing an old-time fire gong. The Firemen's Day committee, of which Alderman Frank T. Coppins is chairman, has made up a list of prizes to be awarded for various points of merit as shown in the parade.

Aside from the parade, there will be an abundance of other entertainment that day. Aquatic, land and air sports have been arranged. The town will be brilliantly illuminated with electric lights arranged in artistic columns along Main street for about a mile, and citizens generally have been asked to light their house-fronts with Japanese lanterns. The decorations throughout the city are expected to be more general and better than on any previous gala occasion.

Each other day of Old Home Week is set aside for some special event. The unveiling of the McKinley Monument, with President Roosevelt, former President Cleveland, William J. Bryan and other distinguished men as speakers, is one of the big events. There will be races and athletic contests of many kinds, balloon ascensions, shooting matches and a host of other entertainment features liberally distributed through the week.

BRIGHT LIGHTS AT BUFFALO.

Business Streets and Many Residences to Be Brilliantly Illuminated.

Buffalo will be literally a blaze of glory during Old Home Week, September 1st to 7th, according to the plans made by the decorations and illumination committee. Subcommittees have been appointed to take charge of every district in the city and urge that every business house and home be gay with all the flags, bunting and other gala adornments that can be afforded.

As a part of a novel scheme of illumination, every citizen is to be asked to have his house front illuminated at night with Japanese lanterns, making the residence sections with soft light, producing an Oriental effect.

The business streets will be ablaze with electric lights, on walls, in store windows, even on roofs. But the culminating glory of the justification of Buffalo's title as the Electric City is the scheme of illumination which the committee has planned for Main street. For about a mile of that street, at each intersecting avenue, there will be artistic groups of columns on each of the four corners. Each column will be surmounted by a cluster of parti-colored electric light bulbs. The plan is so arranged that it can be extended so as to make a brilliant court of honor, leading from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in Lafayette Square through Court street three blocks to the McKinley Monument in Niagara Square, the unveiling of which in the expected presence of President Roosevelt, former President Grover Cleveland, Vice President Fairbanks, Secretary Taft, William Jennings Bryan and other famous men, will be one of the big features of Old Home Week.

The scheme of illuminated columns may also be carried through Genesee and Niagara streets from Main to Niagara Square. The illuminating feature alone will cost in the neighborhood of $10,000.

A Tribute to Buffalo.

[From the Boston Transcript.]

Buffalo's projected Old Home Week, considering the youthfulness of that admirable city, strikes us as not a little quaint. And yet it will serve a really useful purpose. Escaped Buffalonians remember Buffalo as essentially monochromic, which it no longer is. It has grown amazingly. It has developed a new civic spirit. It has embellished itself with rare taste and effect. It has conceived a vast ambition. With thirty railroads meeting there, with the traffic of the upper lakes transhipping at its wharves, with the Erie canal undergoing enlargement—and rejuvenation, with immense steel interests already housed and more on the way, and with the electrical Niagara at its doors, a new Buffalo is rapidly emerging, and the "dream city" of the future awakens splendid enthusiasm and a tremendous sense of possibilities. Nothing short of a commercial and industrial metropolis will satisfy the Buffalonians. And there is sense, sound sense, in the Old Home Week festivities. They will enlighten the returning Buffalonian and teach him that several really notable things have befallen the city during his absence.

Kipling's Response.

The Cantab, the Cambridge university weekly, once asked Rudyard Kipling to contribute to its columns. In response came the following reply:

There once was a writer who wrote,
"Dear Sir—In reply to your note
Of yesterday's date,
I am sorry to state
It's no good at the prices you quote."

Reade's Eccentric English.

Reade's use of the English language, too, was eccentric, not to say rude even. In "A Simpleton," when he wished to signify that two people turned their backs on each other in a fit of temper, he wrote, "They showed napes." Describing the complexion of the New Haven fishwives in "Christie Johnstone," he says, "It is a race of women that the northern sun punishes instead of rosewoodizing." In "Readiana" he describes a gentleman giving a lunch to two ladies at a railway restaurant as follows: "He coupled them, he tough chickened them, he brandied and cochineal'd one, and he brandied and burnt sugared the other (brandy and cochineal and brandy and burnt sugar being Reade's euphemisms for port and sherry respectively). While he was preparing his series of articles on Old Testament characters he read what he had written to John Coleman on one occasion and came to this startling passage in his argument:

"Having now arrived at this conclusion, we must go the whole hog or none."

Coleman objected to this phrase.

"You don't like the hog, I see," said Reade. "Well, it's a strong figure of speech, and it's understanded of the people, but—yes, you are right. It's scarcely Scriptural; so out it goes."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Bass Are Real Cute.

It is related for a fact that the reason bass jump—and it is common practice of the fish—is because they wish to acquire grace and strength in testing their ability against that of fishermen. Several men who say they know what they are talking about point out that bass do most of their jumping during the spring and are especially active just before the open season begins.

At this time they may be seen doing long distance jumps, somersaults and side stepping.

One bass expert goes so far as to say that he spent an entire afternoon watching a three pound bass dragging a long willow sapling through the water and acting as if it were caught on a hook.

Leaping into the air, it would turn in a half circle as if to disgorge the barb, and then it would swim backward in an endeavor to shake the branch.

This fisherman asserts that what gambling the bass do during the summer is merely to keep in practice and not get stale.—Philadelphia North American.

Improving Nature.

To "paint the lily," to gild refined gold," when taken in a literal sense, seem processes too absurd for serious deliberation. Flowers of unnatural hues, however, bloom in florists' windows, and the color green is applied to the carnation is no longer confined to the title of a book. But the Persians "improve nature" in the name of fashion. They dress up their flowers, according to Mr. Wills in "The Land of Lion and Sun."

Persia is fond and of flowers. Ranunculus, convolvulus, asters, balsams, wallflowers, chrysanthemums, marigolds and roses are the principal blooms of the country.

The Persians dot carpet with the plain flower, cut rings of colored paper, cloth or velvet and ornament the bloom, placing the circles of divers hues between the first and second rows of petals.

The effect is strange enough at first glance, supposes he sees a bouquet of curious and bizarre flowers of entirely new varieties.

And the Boy Was Right.

"If one quart of berries cost 7½ cents, how much would three quarts cost?" asked a Brooklyn teacher in an oral test the other day.

"They would cost just 22 cents," promptly responded a little boy. "We have nothing less than 1 cent in our money, and the man would just make it 22 cents."—New York Press.

Yes, She Painted.

Young Gotrox admiring picture in parlor—Does your sister paint, Margie? Little Margie—Yes, sir, but she's finished now, and as soon as she puts a little powder on she'll be right down.—Chicago News.

The Party Line.

Hubby—Why didn't you come to the door and let me in? Wife—I couldn't, George. Our neighbor was talking to somebody, and I was at the phone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always speak a good word for the dead and now and then one for the living when you have time.—Missouri Sharpshooter.

The Universe.

The heavens themselves, the planets and this center, observe degree, priority and place, insisture, course, proportion, season, form, office and custom, and all in line of order.—Shakespeare.

Asks a Good Deal.

"How about the rent of this house of yours, Flitter? Doesn't the landlord ask a good deal for it?"

Flitter—Yes. He often asks five and six times a month for it.

When you ask for the

BEST COUGH CURE

and do not get

Kemp's Balsam

You are not getting the best and will be disappointed. KEMP'S BALSAM costs no more than any other cough remedy, and you are entitled to the best when you ask for it.

Kemp's Balsam will stop any cough that can be stopped by any medicine, and cure coughs that cannot be cured by any other medicine.

It is always the Best Cough Cure.

At all druggists, 25c., 50c. and $1.

Don't accept anything else.

"Trying on" Furniture.

When you go to buy a suit of furniture nowadays in one of our department stores you don't have to speculate as to how it will look in your room nor whether it will fit in or not. As soon as the salesman sees that a particular suit has met your fancy he calls for a porter or two and turns them loose in one of several rooms fitted up around the main showroom, setting them at work removing all the furniture in it. Then the suit that you seem to be hankering after is placed in appropriate positions in this room and you can see at a glance just how the bedroom or parlor or dining room will look if you buy that particular suit.

There are a dozen of these smaller rooms around the main showroom, and as each one is decorated in a different manner it is easy to pick one out that approximates the scheme of your room at home. Like many modern ways of selling goods it is expensive in the beginning, but it pays in the end, for this plan of showing goods seldom fails of its intended effect.—New York Press.

A Widow Who Was Calm.

A lawyer was entertaining dinner guests recently with stories from his personal experiences.

"A woman came into my office one afternoon and said she wanted to see a lawyer on a rather important matter," he said. "She was very prim and self possessed."

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"Well," she said in an easy tone, "my husband was hurt in the wreck the other day."

I noticed she was dressed in mourning, but from her indifferent tone I gathered that it had no connection with her husband's accident.

"Was your husband badly injured?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered in the same quiet voice. "He got his head cut off."—Kansas City Times.

The Talmud.

The Jewish Talmud has come down to us only through the heroic efforts of the Jews themselves and the intrepid service of John Reuchlin. Its reading was condemned by various edicts of emperors and kings; its circulation was prohibited by popes and theologians. Twelve thousand copies of this monumental work were burned at Cremona in 1559, and a similar fate befell 6,000 copies of the Koran by order of Cardinal Ximines on the taking of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella.—Boston Post.

Conquered St. Peter.

A Boston gentleman tells how a witty Irishman stood before the gate of the other world, asking for admission, says Lippincott's Magazine. St. Peter refused him, however, telling him he was too great a sinner to enter there, and bade him go away. The man went a little distance from the gate and then crowed three times like a rooster. St. Peter at once threw open the gate and cried out: "Come in, Pat! We'll be having lovely times!"

Don't Wabble.

There is one sort of man that there is no place for in the universe and that is the wabbler. The man on the fence, who never knows where he stands, who is always slipping about, dreaming, analyzing, never daring to take a firm stand on anything. Everybody despises him. He is a weakling. Better a thousand times have the reputation of being eccentric, peculiar and cranky even than never to stand for anything.—Success Magazine.

Comparatively.

Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money. Browne—Oh, come now! Comparatively little? Towne—I mean on little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.

Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are. The turbid look the most profound.—Landor.

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HARRY L. HACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, August 22, 1907

~~Republican Ticket.~~

For State Treasurer,
HON. JOHN O. SHEATZ,
Philadelphia.

For County Treasurer,
HON. A. F. BANNON,
Bradford.

For Coroner,
E. R. SHERMAN,
Bradford.

A Scottsboro negro has been lynched in Tennessee. He confessed to assaulting a white woman and throwing her body into the river and also that he killed another woman about a year ago. Lynching is not to be encouraged in this enlightened age but in such cases it is excusable.

Religious hysteria possessed a woman near Wheeling, W. Va. She imagined that a command from Heaven had directed her to burn all of her money, clothing and other belongings. She obeyed and nearly asphyxiated herself in addition. Insanity caused by religious fervor is as bad as any other sort of lunacy. It appears.—Em.

It is currently reported that Hon. R. P. Hubbard will be made president of the State League of Republican clubs at the meeting of the delegates to the annual convention, to be held at Harrisburg the latter part of September.—Kane Republican. A better selection could not be made. Mr. Hubbard is a wide-awake, intelligent, energetic, hustling young Republican, who could give the office all necessary attention, and would keep things moving in that organization.

Amended democratic alcohol regulations have been issued by the commissioner of internal revenue, to take effect on Sept. 1. Under the new regulations in addition to the bonding warehouses of distillery proprietors, general denaturing warehouses may be constructed at such points as business interests may require. Manufacturers using completely denatured alcohol are not required to execute bond for application for permit. Industrials of some distilleries may produce alcohol from anything that contains fermentable matter.

Last week the Smethport Water Company gave notice that the water in their reservoirs was getting low and asked their patrons to use it sparingly until rain replenished the supply. This fact shows that Smethport is outgrowing the water supply of our water company. The reservoir has been enlarged within the last year and yet we are liable to be short of water in ordinary dry times. It looks as though the Water Co. would have to put a reservoir on some other stream in the near future in order to supply their customers. They should consider this without delay.

A Democratic Warning.

With a sharp twist the Democratic "Patriot" spanks up the hysterical managers of the Democracy in this State in this fashion:

"If Senator Dunkle, the new State chairman of the Democrats of Pennsylvania, is as wise and astute a politician as he is reputed, he will not consent to the plan to have six thousand loud voiced spellbinders in one day in two thousand Pennsylvania towns to speak from the text 'Thou shalt not steal.'

"The idea is said to have been conceived by Mr. William J. Brennan, of Pittsburg, and the Democratic newspapers are commenting on it, as if it were the certain forerunner for success at the polls.

"It is well enough to advocate honesty in State matters, as well as in every every other business, but it won't do for any party to attempt to make the independent voters believe that the honest men in the State are only to be found in the ranks. There is no denying that a number of rascals disguised as Republicans stole the State's money in the erection and furnishing of the capitol at Harrisburg, but the entire Republican party is not to be lectured as if they were a party to the crime. It would certainly win no votes in Northampton county, where county roads that a competent engineer estimated in advance would be $83,000 after wards yielded the contractors twice [illegible] estimated amount. It won't do to [illegible] in Northampton county from the text 'Thou shalt not steal,' in the face of what the people have good reason to believe, though they may still be unable to prove.

"The postponement of the opening of bids for an expensive contract has made the people of Northampton county suspicious that interests are being considered other than those of the taxpayers.

"The activity of certain persons to have a new jail built is not without its meaning. The proposed new bridge on Broad street connecting Bethlehem and West Bethlehem is also looked on as a matter that will bear watching.

"The only way to convince the independent voter that the politicians of one party are not on a par with the same people on the other side, is for them to show it in the management of the business of counties with a Democratic majority."

When any political party tries to preempt all the virtue and honesty of a great Commonwealth it should not be surprised at anything that happens. There has not been for some years anything quite so foolish as the "Thou shalt not steal" program of the present Democratic campaign managers. It has disgusted the decent men of the party and this vigorus protest is an open expression of similar views entertained by hundreds of fair minded Democrats.

For instance how dare the Democratic managers of York county adopt such a shiboleth? Would not the people at once make the application to their own county fairs and missing thousands of county funds?

Nothing will fall so flat as the Brennan war cry and the people will insist as loudly that the next commandment shall have equal force in the campaign.

"THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS AGAINST THY NEIGHBOR."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

Additional Local.

—The nitro-glycerine accident at Ridgway a few days ago has incited the railroad managers into unusual activity in doing away with the tramp nuisance. Every hobo or other tourist caught stealing a ride is promptly arrested and their detectives are making an extra effort to pick up all of them.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The subject at the morning service will be "Preparation for Confirmation."—Bishop Whitehead will visit the parish on Sept. 13th and 14th. Service on Saturday, Aug. 24th, St. Bartholomew's Day, at 8 a. m.

—A horse belonging to Peter Olson, who lives at the foot of Rose Hill just east of the borough line, was shot in the neck Sunday last and quite badly wounded. Whether the act was malicious or accidental is not known as yet, but Mr. Olson is making strenuous efforts to find the man behind the gun.

—Miss Myrtle Thomas entertained a number of young people at her home in East Smethport, Tuesday evening, in honor of her cousin, Archie Treat. Out of town guests were Rebecca Beckwith, Fanny Stephanek, Lotta Stull and Glenn Stull, of Farmers Valley; Myrtle Rowell and Allen Carruth, of Buffalo; and Archie Treat of Morris Run, Pa.

—Down in Allegheny county the women are getting so bold and giddy that it is not safe for a man to be out after dark unattended. The police are trying to break up this terrible state of affairs and last Friday two women were arrested and fined for embracing and kissing strange modest men without the consent of the kissed in public places.

—Reports from neighboring farming districts show that the frost did serious damage to growing crops. Corn, especially, was injured. No damage is reported in the borough, though early risers say there was a frost Monday morning. With the fruit crop very light and corn and potatoes not up to the standard, the average farmer in this vicinity has a right to complain.

—An effort will be made to run some of the machinery at the cut glass plant with a portable engine, until the permanent engine and boiler are in position. It is possible that some work may be turned out this week. The carpenters are hustling to finish the building and are making good headway. An interesting detail in connection with the building is that it contains 248 windows.

—Cecil Knight, a Liberty township young woman, was taken to Smethport the fore part of the week by Commissioner Devlin, where she was examined and found insane. She will, quite likely, be sent to Warren. She had a peculiar mania, believing she is the mother of a child. Some time ago she tried to abduct a little child, believing it to be her own. She isn't bad at all and will quite likely soon recover. She is a splendid intelligent young lady when well.—Port Allegany Reporter.

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Gives extraordinary power to weakened liver, increasing the digestive secretions and toning the bowels into perfect action. Cures Biliousness, Dizziness and Sick Headache.
Children and young people during puberty are greatly benefited, and their development is aided by the health-producing influence of Hun-E-Lax on their growing systems.
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Of Oxfords for this Summer, and in order to do it we are quoting the following prices on the best shoes made:

White Canvas	at big reductions
Men's Hannan and Nettleton $5 and $5.50	at $3.95
Men's other makes, $4 and $3.50	at $2.95
Women's $4 oxfords	at $2.95
Women's $3.50 "	at $2.65
Women's $3 "	at $2.35

These are in all styles and leathers. It will pay you to buy.
RUBIN'S SHOE STORE.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!
I hereby certify that I am still determined to go out of the mercantile business. I shall therefore buy no more goods, but will continue to offer unheard of bargains from the remaining stock, which contains a good and useful assortment, and all for little money.
Respectfully,
D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.

The Brownell Store
ANDREWS & SCULL, PROPRIETORS
ORANGE PEKOE FERN PEAS
ENGLISH BREAKFAST TEA
Are having a great sale in our store at present and they well deserve it. If you have not tried them do so at once.
We also carry a full line of Fresh Groceries and the best of Berries and Green Goods.
Andrews & Scull.

If You Want Anything Good to Eat
Come and see us. We have the best line of
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS
in town. Searchlight is our leading brand of flour. New Teas and Coffees just arrived. We are also receiving fresh Oysters from Baltimore daily. Don't send out of town for we can sell you goods for cash as cheap as anybody. Give us a chance and we will prove it.
Hagberg & Sherburne.

JUST A WORD
—WE CARRY—
FURNITURE AND CARPETS
In a large assortment and can please all customers.
SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's
WILL FILL YOUR ORDER FOR ALL KINDS OF FANCY
ICE CREAM IN BRICKS, MOULDS OR BULK ON SHORT NOTICE.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St. W. H. Hungerford, SMETHPORT

THE LINDHOLM CO.
SMETHPORT, PA.

AUG. 9 --- AUG. 16

For one Week We will say

GOOD-BYE

TO THE SUMMER GOODS, MULL, DIMITIY, LAWN and BATISTE.

They have to go and price will be no drawback.

Every piece must clear out now for we must use the room they occupy for fall goods.

Good-Bye also to the Shirt Waists. Not many left but they must go--all go-at some price.

They are in lots marked at a small percentage of real value, so Good-Bye to them now.

Good-Bye to the Wash Belts, White Hosiery, Summer neckwear, Embroidery, Laces.

And the same to all small lots of Lace Curtains, Ruffled Curtains, Muslin Curtains. All must go.

HOW?

The price will be marked to such an extremely low point that they will go as by magic.

Come and see some of the offerings and they will interest you.

The Lindholm Co.

Do Your Buildings Need Roofing?

If they do Why Not Try SHEDRAIN?

ADVANTAGES OF SHEDRAIN ROOFING.

Will not melt—Result no tar stained buildings. Will not rot, tear or dry out. Fire resisting. Will not shrink or crack. Climate changes do not effect it. Requires no painting when applied. Absolutely water proof.

Shedrain is tasteless and odorless. Will not contaminate rainwater. Made of the best and strongest wool and felt and any workman can put it on.

For sale by

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, August 22, 1907.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School will commence one week from next Monday, Sept. 2.

—There will be a dance at Bulbank's Crossing next Tuesday evening, Aug. 27.

—A new brick sidewalk is being laid in front of the home of E. R. Mayo on West Main street.

—The Berney-Bond bottle factory will resume operations Sept. 3 after the usual summer vacation.

—The second annual reunion of the Stark family will be held at Coryville next Wednesday, Aug. 28.

—Attention is directed to the advertisement of Otis Balcom, Doctor of Optics, which appears in to-day's paper.

—One hundred and eighteen tickets were sold at the Shawmut station this morning for the P. H. C. picnic at Riverhurst.

—If you contemplate building a home and want to buy a good lot call at the MINER office. We have some very desirable vacant lots on Main street at very reasonable prices.

—The Smethport Tennis team was defeated by the Bellefonte team in the semi-finals last week after defeating the Eldred and Ridgway teams. The Bellefonte team won the cup.

—Charles W. Lillibridge and Miss Lucy Knowlton of Custer City were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents on Wednesday, Aug. 14. The happy young couple will reside in Eldred.

—Fry & Comes have a new ad in this issue which should interest all women.

—Coudersport business men have hopes of locating a silk mill in that place.

—The Comes family is holding its reunion at Frog Camp to-day or to-morrow.

—In a large ad on the last page you will find out all about the Buffalo Old Home week.

—C. Herzog is building an addition on his house on Mill street occupied by George Schroat.

—The new school annex, which had to be built to supply the demand for room, is completed and is a very comfortable building.

—Come to the McKean County Fair and Races, Sept. 17, 18, 19 and 20, and you will see that Smethport is a lively old town even if she is just one hundred years old.

—Preaching at the Baptist church Sunday morning at 10:45 and at 8 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. T. D. Ware. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior at 3 p. m. and Christian Endeavor at 7 p. m.

—Mr. D. Simpson of Turtle Point and Mrs. Alice H. Robbins, formerly of Alexandria, Kansas, were united in marriage at the residence of Mr. O. D. Nourse last Tuesday evening, Rev. T. D. Ware of the Baptist church officiating.

—Quite a strange coincident seems to exist between the family of Mr. A. E. Foster, a brother-in-law of Rev. T. D. Ware who was visiting here last week, and the family of Mr. A. E. Foster, the merchant of our town. As it will be seen each of these men have the same initials and the initials of the wives of these men are U. B. Foster and each family has four boys and one girl.

—The paving bids close next Thursday, Aug. 29. Already there have been a number of applications for plans and specifications.

—Quite a number of Smethport people took in the excursion to St. Marys on Sunday. The train had eleven well filled coaches when it passed through here.

—The Methodist Sunday schools held a picnic at Bulbank's crossing last Friday afternoon. The picnic was largely attended and everybody had an excellent time.

—The prospects for good sport with the dog and gun in this section are fine. Partridges and rabbits are quite plentiful and foxes and cats are not unusually scarce with an occasional bear or deer to relieve the monotony.

—Mrs. Amelia Digel of Water street was stricken with paralysis the forepart of the week which slightly effected her left arm and tongue. It is the hope of this venerable lady's many friends that she will soon recover her former health.

—Besides training young men and women for teaching, the Lock Haven State Normal School is a splendid fitting school for college and for a business career. Its department of music, elocution and art are unsurpassed anywhere. Write for its beautiful catalog.

—Mrs. W. J. Nonoo was called to Parkers Landing, Pa., last Saturday on account of the death of the her cousin, Paul Ramsey, who was killed while working in the railroad yards near that place. He was 21 years old and was to have been married on Tuesday of this week.

—In the wedding announcements in Monday night's Buffalo News appears the following: "Announcement is made of the coming marriage of Miss Julia Murphy of Canaseraga, N. Y., and Oscar Cain of Smethport Pa., Monday, August 26. Mr. Cain is the freight agent at the Shawmut station.

—Jerry Cornell of Roulette was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks at that place on Sunday morning of last week. He had evidently gone to sleep on the track and was run over by the Van Aulburg circus train. He was a young man and is survived by a father and mother and several brothers and sisters.

—Before laying stone or cement sidewalks property owners should first get the proper line and grade for said walks. We notice that some of these walks do not line up as they should, and even if the borough council does not force them to come to line and grade they make a bad appearance.

—The cantata "Hopeful," given by the St. James Guild of St. Luke's church last Tuesday at the parish house was a very successful affair and every available seat was occupied. The little girls took their parts in a highly satisfactory manner and about $12 was cleared by the Guild. Much credit is due Miss May Chubbuck for the manner in which she trained the children.

—Jacob Miller, aged about 45 years, shot and killed Hamilton Myers, aged about 25 years, near Cross Fork on Saturday of last week. The two men had been enemies for a long time and the shooting was done after a heated words quarrel. The murder was committed just across the Clinton county line and Potter county will be spared the cost and trouble of trying the case.

—Ridgway is afflicted with two epidemics, one is typhoid fever and the other is what is commonly called infant paralysis. New cases of typhoid fever are discovered every day. The cause of so much fever is laid up to the unsanitary conditions which, it is reported, are prevalent there. The infant paralysis has attained such proportions that physicians are advising parents to take their children out of town for the time. Between the two diseases the people are pretty thoroughly alarmed.

—By a notice which appears in another column of to-day's MINER it will be seen that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on September 16, 1907, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Smethport Chemical Company. The following named gentlemen are the incorporators: R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Bauer, M. B. Straight and C. B. Mayo. As mentioned in last week's paper the factory will be located in the building formerly occupied by the Smethport Extract Company in East Smethport.

—The Gallup family reunion was held at Frog Camp Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. It was well attended, there being about 115 present each day. There were large dinners served each day at noon under the auspices of the ladies, and at 6 o'clock last evening the men superintended a clam bake which was a great success. During the two evenings Acker's orchestra furnished music for dances which were largely attended by country folk from the surrounding farms which had been invited. It was a most enjoyable outing and at a meeting it was decided to have a two-day reunion next year.

—Mrs. John McKearnon met with quite a serious runaway accident last Friday while driving home with her two sons. They were near the Potato creek bridge when an auto came up behind them and frightened the horse which ran away throwing the occupants out. Mrs. McKearnon was quite badly bruised about her shoulder and side and the elder boy, Joseph, was dragged some distance before he let go of the lines. His bruises were slight but he was pretty sore for several days. The carriage was badly demolished. This is the second or third accident Mrs. McKearnon has had on account of automobiles frightening her horse.

Personal Mention.

Miss Ella Mixon of New Castle is visiting friends in town.

John Newton was transacting business in Cleveland this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Lewis of Coudersport are visiting friends in town.

Mrs. S. W. Baumgardner of Buffalo visited friends in town this week.

Miss Edith McGuier has returned from a visit with friends in Bradford.

Hamlin Bosworth of Brooklyn is a guest of relatives and friends in town.

Miss Dewly Davis of Bradford is a guest of her sister, Mrs. T. H. Morrison.

Ben Schooler of Rochester is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Schooler.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. King are spending three weeks' vacation near Jersey City.

Archie Treat of Morris Run is the guest of his uncle, Lewis Thomas and family.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce returned Friday from a few days' visit with Olean friends.

Leon Comes returned Saturday from a visit with Bradford relatives and friends.

Mrs. H. R. Henderson of Johnstown was the guest of friends in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Eastman are visiting relatives in Jamestown, N. Y., this week.

Paul Green of Buffalo is a guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Green, of East King street.

Otis Carl, who has been spending the summer in Buffalo, has returned to his home in Smethport.

Miss Bessie Brown, of Morgantown, W. Va., visited friends in town the forepart of the week.

Mrs. T. W. Camp, Mrs. Mettle Barber and Miss Mable Camp were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Mrs. J. A. Holder and daughter, Miss Beulah, are guests of relatives and friends in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Mary Hussey and grandson, Francis Hussey, left Saturday for a visit to Reynoldsville friends.

Mrs. John Smith of Independence, Kansas, is spending a few days with relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Mrs. Alice Slattery and sister, Miss Lucy Parks, of Buffalo were visitors at the home of T. W. Camp this week.

Miss Emma Trotton and Miss Carrie Day returned Saturday from a six weeks' sojourn on Chautauqua Lake.

Fred A. Green was called to Danbury, Conn., Saturday by the death of his mother, the sad event occurring Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and sister, Mrs. A. B. Wells, of Cleveland, Ohio, left Saturday for a visit with their mother in Geneva, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna George and infant son, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, left Saturday for their home in Pittsburg.

Miss Zeta Canfield returned to her home in Bradford Saturday after a week's visit with her grandmother, Mrs. N. Thorton of East Smethport.

—Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Powell of Dorcella and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Healy of Bradford were guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Cummins over Sunday.

Mrs. John J. Miller, who has been visiting here for the past seven weeks, accompanied by Miss Edna Hungiville, left Saturday for her home in Charlestown, W. Va.

Miss Roxie King has returned from a two months' visit with Philadelphia and Allentown friends. Miss Clarissa Bortz, of Pine Grove, Pa., and Miss Ruth Zimmerman, of Lebanon, accompanied her home and will stay here for a short time.

Burglary.

The residence of Hon. James A. McKean was entered on Tuesday night by burglars and his silver, watch and other personal property taken.

Moral: Buy a Burglary, Theft and Larceny Policy of W. F. Spuehl, who sells all kinds of insurance.

For Sale.

1 wooden bed, springs and mattress, 1 couch, 1 ice box, Detroit Jewell cook stove. Inquire of Mrs. N. H. Knapp

Subscribe for the MINER

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

IT IS NOW UP TO YOU TO

Profit by

The town's greatest Sale of

Boys School Suits.

Nothing is reserved. Our entire stock of high grade Boys' Suits must go, and to make them go quickly, we cut the $3.50, $4.50, $5.00 and $6.00 Suits to

$2.50 Cash.

Every size is here from 3 to 16 years. This chance to save from $2.00 to $3.50 on a Suit is open to you until Saturday, 24th inst. inclusive.

At WM. MONHEIMER'S.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1, $1.50 & $2

McCALL PATTERNS 10c and 15c

FRY & COMES.

White Waist Bargains

Friday at 9 a. m.

A rare opportunity awaits you here Friday morning. Its a chance to get some of the finest white lawn waists that this season has brought out at the price of only common kinds. Its a complete clearance—nothing reserved. The prices are reduced a quarter, a third, and in some instances they are halved

We feel safe in assuring you that you will find what you want in style and size—there's a big variety—long or short sleeves—open front or back—sheer and medium weights.

Regular Prices . 50c to $3.75.

Friday Prices . 25c to $2.50.

New Belts

A new lot of Belts arrived this week. Better have a look at them—Elastics and Leathers.

50c TO $1.50

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing"—offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

Stick to the Handle.

You get more fuss about easy running right at the crank of a separator than by listening to talk. If a separator turns easy, the crank tells you so as soon as you touch it. I am selling the lightest running cream separator made—and it's the best every way you look at it. It's

THE SHARPLES TUBULAR

The Tubular is the cleanest skimming, most durable, easiest to wash separator made. The waist-low can saves your back—the enclosed gears your fingers—the self oiling device saves time, uses the oil over and over and prevents dripping on machine and floor. **The Tubular skimmed 2 1-2 to 9 times cleaner than any other in a National Clean Skimming Contest.** The Tubular is a money maker and labor saver—**it increases the butter money 25 to 50 per cent.** and lessens the work of handling milk about one half. **Bring your wife around to see it. Let me give you a catalog with a lot of good things in it.**

J. W. WAITE, Smethport.

WE WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO OUR

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

We think we have it complete in every way. Please bring your family recipes and give us a trial. We have a fine line of

New Spring Novelties in Papetries. Also a new line of Chamois.

H. C. WELLS.

We are Local Dealers for the Renowned

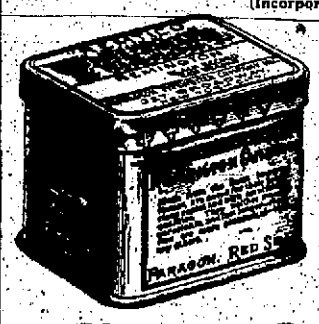
REMTICO

TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES

Manufactured by the

Remington Typewriter Company

(Incorporated)



Remtico Paragon Ribbons—in all colors and for all makes of typewriters.

Remtico Paragon, Red Seal and Billing Carbons—of different weights suited for all classes of work.

All Remtico Typewriter Supplies are known as the Highest Grade Goods Manufactured.

McCoy's Drug Store,

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Conquest Of Cutler.

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by F. C. Eastment.

Tennant saw her first when she rounded the hotel point and headed for the open bay. She was alone, but the little naphtha launch belonged to Cutler. There was no mistaking that. With its polished brass rails, its red morocco cushions and its trim, slender lines, it was the smartest bit of sailing craft on Lake Glenora.

And for over three weeks Muriel Arden had had the sole exclusive use of it and had exercised the privilege at every opportunity. To Tennant it was more than mere girlish wilfulness. It was frankly flaunting in his face her conquest of Cutler and her defiance of himself and preference for things belonging to said Cutler.

He watched her as she neared the pier. If she saw the tall, moody figure in gray flannels, she made no sign. Hatless, the wind blowing her brown hair back from her tanned, clear cut face, she held her way steadily toward the open bay, one hand on the little brass tipped pilot wheel, and looked neither to the right nor the left.

Phil Tennant muttered something under his breath and turned quickly on his heel toward the hotel. It was after 7. If he hurried, he could still catch the night boat for Chicago. Perhaps he could even get away before she returned. It was growing late. Up at the hotel they were lighting the colored Japanese lanterns around the verandas. There was to be a hop that night. He remembered Muriel had told him she was going to it with Cutler. He avoided the main entrance, with its palms and pretty girls, and slipped up to his own room to pack his suit cases. On the way upstairs he met Cutler, who looked anxious and annoyed.

"Did you see the little girl anywhere?"

Tennant turned on him hotly.

"Whom do you refer to?"

Cutler laughed easily, without malice, and ignored the resentment in the other's tone.

"There's a storm coming up, and I didn't want her to go out in my boat alone."

As he passed on downstairs leisurely Tennant paused and looked after him, his fists clenched tightly. He would have enjoyed flinging him down the whole flight for those words. "The little girl." It was the very proprietary familiarity that cut. That any man on earth should dare to use that tone in speaking of Muriel—his Muriel! Then like a flash came the memory of that straight, cold, little figure in the launch as it had passed the pier, of the proud little face that would not turn its way, and he went on upstairs with a dogged, bitter sense of all things gone wrong. Perhaps she was Cutler's "little girl."

The Chicago boat was due at the Glenora at 8:30. At 8 the music of the Hungarian string orchestra came softly from the palm hidden ballroom. For a moment Tennant hesitated on the veranda listening to it. Muriel was in there, he thought. She had probably returned and was dancing, perhaps with Cutler, while he was going away from her forever. He had been a fool to come at all. It had been her idle laughing challenge that last night on the roof garden. They were with the Wilburton party. Cutler had been there also, but Muriel had sat next to Tennant, and he had fancied that last instant on the stairs that she had meant more than a mere flirtation when she had said she hoped he would be a member of the summer colony at Glenora.

He had taken her at her word and gone to Glenora, and what Miss Arden had begun on the roof garden she finished at Glenora. But Tennant was slow, slow to fall in love, slow to believe that he had the ghost of a chance with a girl like Muriel Arden, slower yet to risk that chance in one last throw. And while he had waited, sure of himself, but doubtful of Muriel, Cutler had come down with his launch, his motor car, his coach and all the other accessories of half a dozen million or so, and Muriel had seemed to waver.

The night air was still and heavy. Suddenly a sweep of cool, keen wind blew in freshly from the bay. It caught the frail Jap lanterns and tossed them like leaves to and fro. The bamboo curtains at the long French windows rustled and swung inward, and out on the lawn the palms and willows bent before it with a lithe, swift obeisance.

Tennant jammed his hat low over his eyes and started on a run for the pier. The rain splashed in his face, and a glare of dazzling light shot across the northwest heavens. He ran faster. If he could make the boathouse before the storm broke, he could take the steamer. Just as the thunder burst in a low report from the gray edged black clouds he passed Cutler's boathouse and as the next flare of quick lightning came he saw that it was empty. The Nixie was gone from its place.

The pier was deserted except for a sleepy boy at the baggage shed. Tennant called for a boat, for anything that could ride through the black, rolling waves that licked along the piling by the dock. There was no time to get back to the hotel or to give the alarm for the life savers. Muriel was out there, out in the storm and the peril of the night alone, and he must go to her.

Shaking the boy, gripping him until he squealed with pain, Tennant wrung from him somehow that the only boat to be had was Cutler's electric motor boat, a small, low affair that only carried one, and that in fair weather.

"You ain't going out on Michigan with her, are you?" asked the boy. Tennant smiled grimly and sprang into the boat as the next wave lifted it up. It was a mere sliver of a thing, built on the lines of a racing shell. He had owned, one of his own the previous summer and understood the mechanism. With the wind cutting sharply across his face he whipped cleanly out into the bay. Somewhere he would find her, he told himself, bending low over the little pilot wheel and holding his breath as the little boat took the water fairly. Cutler's boat! He laughed to himself. There was a certain fitness about the proceeding that pleased him.

Muriel had headed the Nixie due west, straight out through the narrow channel from little Lake Glenora into Lake Michigan. Two arms of land and rock stretched out to meet Michigan. On one, Rock point, stood the big summer resort hotel. The other was a long, barren waste of rocks, that seemed endless when the lake was calm. One by one, overlapping each other, they lay from the beach far out into the bay like some gigantic necklace. The windstorm would catch the little launch before she could possibly reach the open channel, Tennant reasoned, and blow it over on the reef.

"Look out for the Chicago boat," shouted the deck boy after him. "She's coming down the lake now."

Tennant hardly heard him. The storm had broken in full force, and the tiny shell of a boat shivered and trembled like a frightened animal as he turned it into the channel. Straight for the reef he headed, but the waves were so high he could not even catch a glimpse of the chain of rocks, and suddenly a path of clear white light swung leisurely across the sky and flashed directly on the reef. It was the searchlight on the White City. Two things it showed Tennant in that single wave of light. Just ahead of him was Cutler's boat, riding the waves like a gull, dipping with every lurching swell and showing the next instant on the topmost crest. And it was directly in the course of the White City. And clinging to the little pilot wheel, striving to guide the launch back safely, was Muriel, her long dark hair loose and whipped by the wind across her face. Just for an instant he saw her, then the great arc of light had swept back to the far end of the little lake and all was blackness ahead.

Blindly Tennant drove the little motor boat forward, and suddenly side by side it crashed into the launch. For one instant the two touched, but in that instant Tennant had made the leap safely. Before he could recover his balance the motor boat had vanished like a leaf in the storm, and he was in the launch.

"Give me the wheel," he said hoarsely. And as the White City swung by the Nixie rose on her swell, wave swept and battered, but secure, with a strong hand on her little brass tipped pilot wheel.

"Phil, Phil, listen to me." Down beside him in the boat knelt Muriel, white to her lips, but happy, happy in spite of the fact that they two had faced death together but an instant before. "Did we smash his old boat?"

"Absolutely." Tennant's arms tightened about her. The pilot wheel was very much in the way.

"I knew that you would come," she went on. "I saw you on the pier, but I thought you would come right away—that was why I went out alone."

And light dawned slowly on Tennant. It was his first lesson in the contradictions of Muriel.

"And I was going back on that boat tonight," he said.

Muriel laughed and pushed her wet hair back from her face.

"Mr. Cutler took that boat, Phil," she said.

Provocation Enough.

A deaf old gentleman dined with a family where grace was always said. When the guests were seated the host bowed his head and began to repeat the accustomed verse in a subdued, reverent tone.

"Eh? What's that?" demanded the deaf old gentleman, who sat beside him.

The host smiled patiently and began again in a louder, more deprecatory voice.

"Speak a little louder. I don't catch what you say," the old gentleman persisted.

A low ripple of laughter went around the table. The host, his face crimson with embarrassment, raised his voice and repeated the verse. The deaf gentleman did his best to hear, but failed. He placed one hand upon his host's arm.

"What did you say?" he demanded irascibly.

"Blast it, I'm saying grace," he snapped.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Felt Acquainted.

A Boston lady of the most reserved and exclusive type was waiting for her change at the glove counter in one of the large stores when she was approached by a very large, gaudily dressed and loud looking woman, who held out a rudicy hand and said:

"Why, how do you do, Mrs. Blank?"

Mrs. Blank ignored the proffered hand and, drawing herself up stiffly, said frigidly:

"I do not think that I know you, madam."

"No, I s'pose not," replied the woman, in nowise embarrassed by the coldness of her reception, "but I've knowed you by sight for a long time, and now I've got a hired girl who worked at your house once a year or two ago, and she's told me so much about you that I feel real well acquainted with you. Pleasant day, ain't it? Well, if she ain't polite to sail off without so much as a word! Shows her raisin', anyhow!"

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

A GREAT ATTRACTION

A Gorgeous Light to Be Seen at Niagara Falls at Night.

ILLUMINATION OF CATARACT.

Many Visitors to Buffalo's Old Home Week, Sept. 1 to 7, Inclusive, Will Go to the Falls, and There Is a Brand-New Attraction Promised Them There.

The night illumination of the mighty torrent at Niagara Falls is now assured and the proposed plan for lighting the mist and water is unquestionably the greatest feat ever conceived in electrical illumination. The great Falls, bathed in dazzling light, will surpass in grandeur and spectacular effect anything of its kind ever seen before.

W. D'A. Ryan, illuminating engineer of the General Electric Company, has the work in charge and the Falls will be illuminated for the first time the night of August 15th, 1907. The lighting scheme for this enormous undertaking is on a scale never attempted before and a new invention, the Color Scintillator, will be utilized for producing color effects which make the falling water more beautiful and impressive by night than by day.

A battery of nearly 50 large search lights, several of them the largest of their kind and capable of throwing a beam of white light 125 miles, will be located below the Falls. A portion of the projectors will be set down near the water's edge opposite Goat Island so as to play a rising illumination on both the American and Canadian Falls. Another battery will be placed on the high ground on the Canadian side to throw a plunging light on the falling water and flying mist. The projectors are powerful enough to cover every inch of the torrent with a brilliant white light. All alone the big searchlights are an exhibition worth traveling far to see, but when used in connection with the new scintillator the powerful effect which can be produced beggars description.

The color scintillator consists of a network of steam pipes which will be used to augment the cloud effects of the flying mists. In front of the big light projectors are mounted wheels containing large gelatin disks which are revolved slowly. With the changing of the color disks the beams of light will be variegated with kaleidoscopic effect producing a color scheme on the mist and water only excelled by the great Northern Lights. This apparatus was but recently perfected by the engineers of the General Electric Company, and has never been used here or abroad although it was given a thorough test a few months ago. The color attachments will tint the waters carmine, crimson, orange, yellow, green, blue, violet, of the purest shades, and the rising clouds of mist will blend the colors into hues and tints like a glorious sunset. It is even possible to produce an artificial aurora borealis and the colored beams reaching far into the sky will be visible in Toronto and Rochester in such volume as to cause comment. The program for illumination will be changed every night and in the winter time the color effects on the ice, snow and frost coated trees of the surrounding country will be spectacular, indeed.

The entire proposition is to illuminate Niagara in a distinct and dignified manner on a scale in keeping with the surroundings. The possibilities of the apparatus to be installed are limited only by the imaginations of the manipulators. It is possible to produce colored figures, snakes, dragons, flags and a thousand and one different novelties. The apparatus possesses the spectacular effect of fireworks on a grand scale without the fire hazard and danger.

For many years it was planned to illuminate the great Falls but no scheme was deemed practical until last week when the General Electric Company submitted plans to utilize two batteries of searchlights with the new color scintillators.

BUFFALO CITY FLAG.

Also Prizes for the Best Decorated Buildings During Old Home Week.

Louis Greenstein of No. 509 Michigan street, Buffalo, has drawn the successful design for a city flag, which may become a permanent one after Old Home Week. Mr. Greenstein wins the decoration committee's prize of $25. His design is the great seal of the city surmounted by a bison. The whole design is surrounded by a circle of stars. After the Old Home Week celebration—September 1st to 7th inclusive—the committee purposes to have a referendum vote of the city to determine the colors for the official flag.

A. J. Harr's of No. 800 West Avenue drew a design that was such a close second to Mr. Greenstein's that the committee decided to reproduce it on a banner to be used for decorating. His design is a great buffalo head, upon a globe surrounded with the words "Should old acquaintance be forgot," and the inscription, Old Home Week.

The decoration committee selected the two designs from more than 150.

The entries were of all colors and designs imaginable.

Hundreds of people yearly go through painful operations needlessly, because they never tried Man Zan Pilo Remedy. It is put up in such a form that it can be applied right where the trouble lies. It relieves the pain and inflammation. It is for any form of the piles. Price 50 cts. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Phar., Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Two on a Tour

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

The elevator of the Washington monument coupled the ground after its solemnly slow descent of twenty minutes, and Rhoda Jamison, feeling somewhat overawed by the world as seen from the top of the monument, sat down on a bench near the elevator door. She needed a few minutes to readjust her twilights and to plan for the rest of the day.

Rhoda had saved every possible penny from her salary during the school term in order to take this Washington trip and had determined to crowd as much sightseeing into her ten days as any other Washington tourist had ever done.

She had spent hours with the visiting milliner in her town planning every detail of the time and had finally arrived in the city and taken a cab directly to the quiet lodgings she had recommended. The milliner had, however, forgotten to take into consideration the fact that the girl had never been accustomed to a city and to city ways and had therefore failed to prepare her for the feeling of desolation and loneliness that grew more and more oppressive every minute.

The Congressional library had satisfied her love of elegance, the capitol and the White House had seemed like old friends from the pictures in the geography and history from which she had taught for months, but in her classes she had been the personality. Here she seemed to dwindle into nothingness, and the things that had been mere ideas and pictures towered over her oppressively, and she was overcome by her littleness and her loneliness and longed for some one to speak to her with a hint of friendly interest.

The big, broad shouldered man sitting on the other end of the bench she had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt no scorn in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine more closely the inscriptions on the stones that could not be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

She remembered the package she had bought to send her papa, so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would amuse them.

The postal she liked best of all, a daintily colored view of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote: "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She longed for want to blot it all out of sight from the tip of her pen, and a whiff of air blew the postal from her lap and left it lying at the big man's feet.

He saw it there and, thinking he had dropped one of his own, stooped and picked it up, reading it leisurely.

"I feel so little and lonely," he read, and, surprised, turned to meet the flushed face of the girl.

"It's mine," she said, holding out her hand for it.

"Do you feel that way, too?" he asked eagerly. "That's me exactly!"

"I shouldn't have called you really 'little,'" she answered, with the frank friendliness of a girl who had never met with a circumstance that would cause her to be suspicious of humanity, "I reckon you are referring to the first part of the sentence. 'It is so big' would really seem more suitable."

"That's right," he laughed, looking at the postal, "but that just proves that I can hold more loneliness than you, for I am feeling lonely from the soles of my feet to the top of my new felt hat that I bought in Carson City to see the sights of Washington in."

"At least you are farther from home than I. I'm from South Carolina," she chatted, three days' abstinence from conversation having left her with a surplus on hand.

"I was just sending some of these things to the boys," he said. "They are living in a shack near mine, and it will tickle 'em immensely to get these pictures of civilization. You see, we had been out there for two years digging away for gold without any success, and just as we'd fallen into a fit of gloom and shortage in grub, why, we struck it rich."

"How lovely! Did you find it in chunks?" Her eyes sparkled like a child's.

"That's about the size of it," he laughed, with a whole souled heartiness he hadn't experienced for days. "We sure found it in large sized pieces, and I just thought I'd take a vacation to see the world. I've never been east before."

"Do you like it?" She failed to put as much doubt as to the charms of Washington in her tone as she might have put half an hour earlier.

"I've been about the loneliest person the dome ever shadowed. I could get on very well in the daytime, but I've wanted to sit round the fire at night and talk it over with the boys. How long are you going to stay?" he asked eagerly.

"Ten days. I've been here three." His face lengthened visibly.

"I'll be here a whole month," he added dolefully. "Why don't you stay longer?"

"You see I haven't struck it rich—in huge chunks. The trustees of my school are rather a parsimonious lot."

"I don't know much about eastern etiquette, but I wonder if it wouldn't be tolerably proper for us to do some sightseeing together this afternoon?" he said with a trace of stylish shyness.

"I wonder," she said slowly.

The fact of companionship settled the question for them, and he called at her lodging house in quick time next morning, guidebook in hand, the plan for the day already laid out.

* * * * * * *

They had left the trip to Arlington for the last afternoon of her visit, and they wandered through the grounds, more beautiful than ever in their early summer foliage, until they reached the spot overlooking the Potomac, where the tall shaft rises in honor of the heroes of the Spanish war.

"This is the loveliest spot of all," he said, as they sat down on the grassy slope with their faces turned toward the river. "Washington will seem dead after I put you on the train this afternoon. Have you enjoyed this week, little woman?" a slight nervousness in his voice.

"It has been—perfect," she said softly. "After I had you to talk to the crowds didn't seem unfriendly at all—they changed into a set of good natured passersby."

"I—er—haven't seemed to miss the boys much lately, either," he said, absentmindedly, watching her slender fingers arrange the largest daisies and clover leaves that she found near her, "but I'll go to missing them again the very minute your train pulls out this afternoon."

He sat up straight suddenly and looked at her almost sternly.

"Do you think a man ought to be forgiven for telling a lie?" he demanded abruptly.

Her face paled slightly, and her eyes were large with a fear that he might in some way confess himself unworthy of the friendly confidence she had placed in him. The unconventionality of their acquaintance stood out in her mind suddenly, as viewed from the world's standpoint.

"You haven't—lied to me?" she asked faintly.

"Absolutely! No one ever told a bigger one," he said, with his eyes fixed on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and she avoided his eyes as she rose hastily to her feet, the daisies and clover leaves falling to the ground.

"I'm sure I will be late for my train if we don't hurry back," she said abruptly.

"I almost wish you would miss it—it seems a shame that you cannot afford to stay longer when I have more money than I can possibly spend—unless the town will let me build 'em another library. You couldn't let me—er—be statumerred, not knowing how to express himself.

"No, I couldn't," she blurted, catching his half formed idea.

"There, there, little woman don't get huffy. I suppose I do bump up against conventionalities occasionally, but somehow I hate for you not to have everything you want," he blurted out.

Her eyes softened, and when they reached the station she watched his broad shoulders as he elbowed his way through the crowd at the ticket office and wondered why, now her face was turned homeward, she should feel more homesick than ever.

* * * * * * *

When he had put her on the train, he leaned over and spoke determinedly.

"I'm coming to South Carolina before I go back west."

She didn't answer, and he took from his coat pocket one of the clover leaves she had dropped on the ground at Arlington and held it up before her. She saw it had four leaves.

"Do you know what I am going to wish? That when I go back west—you'll go with me"—he waited, a big, awkward boy in his embarrassment, for her to look at him.

"I—I—the train is starting," she said, holding out her hand hastily, "but—if one finds a four leaf clover he is supposed to get his wish."

Fox and Gibbon.

When the furniture of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, there was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman history. It appeared by the title page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentiment deterred the recipient from writing on the fly leaf this anecdote:

"The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleven days after this same gentleman accepted a place of lord of trade, under those very ministers and has acted with them ever since."

Such was the avidity of bidders anxious to secure the least scrap of the writing and composition of the famous owner of the copy that owing to the addition of this little record the book sold for 3 guineas, a large sum for the times.

Better Than the Music.

In one of the Australian mining camps in the old days there were no women and children; only the hard, horny handed men who fought with the earth in the attempt to wrest from it the yellow gold. To the camp there came a band of wandering musicians, and with the band were the wife and baby of one of the members. A grand concert was planned in the big saloon, and a fine dashing programme was given.

But in the midst the baby began to cry.

In an instant a tall Irishman was on his feet.

"Shtop the music," he commanded, "shtop the music and let's hear the blessed baby cry."—Baltimore American.

Man Zan Pilo Remedy comes put up in a collapsible tube with a nozzle. Easy to apply right where soreness and inflammation exists. It relieves at once blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles. Guaranteed. Price 50 cents. Get it to-day. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 466, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HORACE H. REIFSTECK, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

H. M. DAVIS, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

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J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 147, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month, at 2 p. m. in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

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W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
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A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. H. FOSTER, R. K. W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.

LOUISE KIMBALL, Com.
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C. M. B. A.—Smethport branch, No. 455, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at the I. C. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARTH, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

F. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
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Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R. A. A. ABBEY, S.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. E. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. H. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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The Greater Happiness.

By NANCY BRENT.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

Miss Ryland turned from the window where she stood picking the withered blossoms from the azalea and looked at her patient.

"You seem restless. Would you like me to read to you awhile?" she asked.

"I'd rather have you rub my head with the bay rum," he said peevishly.

She took the bottle from the cabinet and poured some in the palm of her firm white hand.

"That's more like living." He gave a sigh of relaxation as the soothing effect stole over him. "Had a pretty close call, didn't I, Miss Ryland?"

"Pneumonia is always a tiresome business," she answered unconsciously, trying to rub his hair into even over the bald spot on his head. "But the doctor says you may start for Palm Beach tomorrow if you have no fever tonight."

"By Jove, I don't know whether I want to go or not—don't seem to have energy enough; believe I'd rather stay here and have you look after me awhile longer. It's pretty comfortable."

She took a cloth and wiped off a drop of bay rum that was trickling toward his ear and turned his head so she could rub the other side.

"But just think how fortunate you are to be able to leave the hospital for such a lovely rest at Palm Beach," she said cheerfully. "I've always longed to be rolled around in a chair on the sands there, with beautiful clothes and no worry over the fact that I was eating up a five dollar bill during the day and sleeping away another five at night."

"Money doesn't give me everything," he grumbled. "My owning a few millions didn't keep me from having this beastly attack. How would you like to go to Palm Beach and look after me?" he asked suddenly, looking intently at the handsome face bending over him.

She gave him a startled glance, and the hand that was rubbing his forehead and ears perhaps near his eyes.

"You will not be sick enough to require a nurse," she said quietly.

"But I would like to have you look after me. You have a wonderful way that is restful, and I think it would be fine to have some one as capable and as unfailing always at hand. Suppose you marry me and go with me?"

She set the bottle on the table and looked at him in astonishment. "I'm afraid you still have some fever," she said, and put the cool fingers of one hand on his forehead.

"I don't think it's a sign of fever to recognize a good thing and want it. The proposition has its good points for both of us. I would have a wife that I would be proud of, and you could certainly roll in a chair at Palm Beach and not worry about the hard bills."

"But is that the greatest happiness that can come to a man or a woman? You have had more experience than I. You are about forty-five, I should think, and I am twenty-eight. I have always looked forward to loving the man I married." She leaned her elbow on the table and her violet eyes were large and serious as those of a child that considers a problem too deep for it.

"I've never given much thought to love as a romance," he said, pushing the counterpane from his neck and leaving his arms free. "But I think a nice, comfortable friendship would be the more satisfactory."

"I suppose it is, to you say, comfortable, but don't people who make such marriages fail to reach the heights that women in their hearts always long for?" I have always imagined that on the heights the air was more glorified."

"My dear woman, I'm afraid you've been reading novels. Take my word for it that a nice, comfortable existence is the only sane life and that only young and hysterical fools ever reach the heights that you are describing, and then they don't stay there long. They tumble back to earth quick enough. I hope you'll get that out of your head and come with me to morrow."

"I couldn't do that, anyway," she said decidedly. "It's almost a part of the ethics of our profession that we don't accept offers of marriage from our convalescent patients."

"Do you think because I've had pneumonia it has necessarily left my mind weak?" he demanded.

"No, I don't think that, and I acknowledge that your offer has its temptations. Let me think it over while you are gone. I'm leaving in an hour and am to take a week's rest myself. I must be saying goodby now," looking hastily at her watch. "I hope you will soon be strong and well, and I will think over your plan while you are gone."

Once in her room she went to her wardrobe for her one gala dress, for to celebrate the beginning of her week's holiday she had promised to go with John Martin to the theater. There was a tap at the door, and one of the nurses looked in.

"Seems to me you are doing the society act with a vengeance tonight. Here's a big box of violets for you. I thought you said it was a mere newspaper man you were going with?"

Mary Ryland opened the box, a flush a pleasure on her face.

"Oh, but he's a dear! He always thinks of the little things that please."

When she pinned on her hat, she looked in the mirror at the violets, fresh and sweet against the soft gray of her gown.

"If I promise to marry him when he comes back from Palm Beach, I can have violets every day if I will them," was the thought that ran through her mind, but it was a hazy, indefinite way, mixed with an idea that to buy violets herself would not give her so much pleasure as to have some one think to buy them for her.

"You are a vigorous bit of the outside world," she said when she met Martin in the reception room, and they started for the car.

"And you are the best bit of this world and a promise of the next," he said, catching the end of her chiffon scarf that was falling from her shoulder and throwing it carefully around her throat. "My dear child, you take care of everybody on earth except yourself. It's spring, of course, but the air is so chilly you ought to keep that lace stuff on your chest covered."

She laughed happily, walking beside him with light, springy steps.

"You treat me as if I were an irresponsible child that needed watching."

"As for watching you, I always do that. You must have known for months that I'd like nothing better than taking care of you always. There wouldn't be much luxury to offer you, there would be plenty of love. But I want you to have everything. Yesterday I chased all over town for a story that the chief wanted, and I was lucky enough to get it exclusively. The old man said it was worth five hundred to the paper, and he nearly knocked the breath out of me by handing me a check. The very first thing I thought of, little girl, when I got calm enough to think was that that five hundred would furnish a flat. Could you be content to live in a tiny flat and trust me to take care of you as best I could?" He peered eagerly into her face, and neither of them saw the cab drawn by a madly frightened horse dash around the corner.

When she recovered consciousness she was on a seat in a corner drug store, with John Martin bending anxiously over her.

"Drink all this," he commanded, taking the glass from the druggist. "I believe your arm is broken, dear, and I feel murderous enough to smash every cab in the city to kindling wood."

She smiled faintly.

"I think you had better leave one whole one and call it to take me back to the hospital."

In the cab he pillowed her head according to her directions, in a position that would give her as little pain as possible, then drew her head against his shoulder.

"Poor little girl!" he said commiseratingly. "This is a sorry ending for the pleasant evening I hoped you were going to have."

She sat in shocked and uncomfortable position on his shoulder, till with a sharp jar he brought it as quickly as possible the jolting of the cab, still half dazed and not wholly recovered from her faintness, her mind, with peculiar reflex action, ran over and supplemented the thoughts of the day.

"John," she said, when they started slowly, "I'd rather live in the city that runs to fall in a chair on the sands at Palm Beach forever."

He tried to see her eyes by the light through the cab window—

"My dear, I'm afraid you have some fever," he said anxiously.

First Patent in America.

The first patent in America was granted to Joseph Jenks, a founder and machinist who had emigrated from Hammersmith, England, where he was born in 1602. He was a very ingenious man, and was induced by Governor Winthrop, the younger, to come to Lynn, Mass., about 1642, as master mechanic to establish the iron and steel works.

He was acknowledged head of the [illegible] and the first builder of machinery in this country and first inventor of invention in America, having introduced the idea first granted by act of parliament in 1623, of protection for the manufacture of improvements by petition to the government of Massachusetts Bay. In 1640 he took patents for mill improvements, and in 1655 he patented the present form of the grass scythe, for which he should be held in grateful remembrance. In 1652 he made dies for the first coinage of money, the pine tree shillings. In 1654 he built the first fire engine to the order of the selectmen of Boston (the first ever built in this country); in 1657 he built a forge and entered upon the manufacture of his improved scythes nine years before his application was granted.—Journal of American History.

Shy on Smelts.

"Great Scott, what do you call these, Helen?" asked Dan Foss. He was gazing at an elaborately garnished platter which held two tiny fish.

"You wanted smelts. I didn't know how big they were. I never heard of smelts in the west. You know I got two mackerel last week, and they made a nice little meal, so I thought two smelts would be enough. Our fish man's been sarcastic since that day I phoned for a halibut and he explained a halibut was too large for two people—it occasionally weighs 100 pounds. Today he began to be funny about the two smelts. I got frostingly dignified and hung up the receiver. The boy had gone before I looked at them. I know right away, Dan, I had made a miserable blunder, only I boiled eggs, you see, to make out a meal."

"All right, little woman," laughed Dan. "They're a nice appetizer. Only next time order twenty anyway. Fifteen's about my limit on smelts."—Success Magazine.

DANGEROUS PIGS.

The Fearless Mexican Peccary Will Fight Man or Beast.

A writer in the St. Louis Republic says that the most vicious and fearless member of the beetle creation is the peccary, or wild hog, of Mexico. This animal seems utterly devoid of fear and displays an intelligence in fighting man strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of mental attributes.

Their ability to scent man is particularly marked. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you, and then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was almost miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree.

The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled round the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition and brought down a peccary at each fire, for the dead no terrors for the beasts.

Toward morning they began to eat those he had killed, after which they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend through sheer exhaustion dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him.

The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path.

LOVE'S TEST.

Where Her Great Help Was Needed Her Heart Was Willing.

"Professor," said the tall maid after a pause, "let me ask you if you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"Never," exploded the young professor of rhetoric and English literature. "It exasperates me, Miss Pinkle, whenever I see it in print."

"I am glad we have something in common," she rejoined. "Nevertheless, Professor de Parcy, I cannot be your wife."

"Mr. Kooning," asked the young woman, with downcast eyes, "now that I happen to think of it, do you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"Certainly not," said the chastened capitalist. "It is not only incorrect, but utterly absurd."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Still, Mr. Kooning, it is useless for me to give me. I never can do anything rude to you than a refusal."

"Pinkles," she said, "do you ever use the phrase 'different than'?"

"Why, er, I presume I have used it carelessly sometimes, Miss Perkins," stammered the embarrassed youth. "But now that you have called it to my attention I shall be careful to say 'different from' hereafter."

"Charles," she exclaimed, clasping her hands ecstatically and gazing at him with soulful eyes, "my answer is yes—yes—yes! You poor, dear boy, you need a helpmate, and I'll be the happiest!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mental Medicine.

A somewhat eccentric physician who recently died would order patients to take walks, say daily, on the left side of the street, returning by the other side; another he would order to arise each morning at a certain hour and eat cheese with ginger beer; another to take supper precisely at midnight and eat only apples; or he would instruct the patient to put just so many grains of salt on the egg he was to eat and prescribe his diet in a different way each day. His object was to get the mind of the patient on something else than symptoms, and also sometimes worked well in many cases, especially when the patient was suffering from melancholia.—New York Times.

Muskrat Skin Cure.

"The skin of a muskrat taken and worn next to the chest will cure any case of asthma in the world," said a Louisville man. "I had an uncle who suffered a thousand deaths with asthma and tried everything that could be bought in the way of medicine. Finally one day an old time friend told him of the muskrat skin, and he tried it. In two months he was as well as he had ever been. Just how the skin works about a cure is a mystery, but it will do it."—Nashville Tennessean.

The Comparison.

Lesec and Lemaigre, who were both as thin as laths, were discussing a mutual friend.

Lesec—I met our friend Durand this morning. He has grown so thin.

Lemaigre—Really! And he was so stout.

Lesec—Yes, it is dreadful. He is thinner than both of us put together now.—Pele Mele.

The Picture Was Good, of Course.

Friend (to artist)—Well, were you successful at the salon? Artist—No. They rejected my picture, the wretches! Friend—Why? Artist—How should I know? The oil was bad, perhaps.—Nos Loisirs.

Amusement.

First Old Lady—What kind of a time did you have at the funeral? Second Old Lady—Well, I've enjoyed myself more at others.—Life.

If you don't scale the mountain you can't view the plain.—Chinese Proverb.

Pinoules for the kidneys strengthen these organs and assist in drawing poison from the blood. Try them for rheumatism, kidney, bladder trouble, for tombago and tired worn out feeling. They bring quick relief. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Sold by Dr. Chadwicks Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Matchmaking

By FRANK H. SWEET

Copyrighted, 1906, by Homer Sprague.

Ensconced behind his flower boxes on the veranda, Tom Ernott could look into the neighboring garden and watch her; for she, too, sought the cool and sweetness of her garden. On Tuesday evening she espied him. What man could resist that smile? There was a silent, perhaps unconscious, invitation in it that brought Tom to his feet and to the wall.

"Good evening, Miss Smith," said the girl in white.

"Good evening, Miss Smith," answered the man on the wall.

"You look altogether too comfortable. I think we shall have to follow suit and build a veranda."

"Don't. I—I mean," was on his tongue's end, but he only responded, "It is comfortable." Then the unfortunate of the situation was too much for him. "Won't you come over and try it?" he pleaded.

"I'm afraid the wall is too much for me," she said, smiling demurely.

Tom was a man who never turned back his hand once on the plow. He dropped quickly to the ground on her side of the fence.

"I'm dreadfully lonely," was his apology.

On Wednesday she was not visible, and there was a void upon the earth. On Thursday and Friday things resumed the new glamour. On Saturday the moon was a shadowy crescent above the tree tops. The stars were still veiled in sunset mists; the air was odorous with the scent of mignonette and sweet peas. Tom, sometimes written in every feature, waited for the flutter of white amid the flowers—the sound of a voice which was like no other voice he had ever heard. At the first signal of her approach, he stepped boldly on to the wall.

"Special delivery, sir," said a servant's voice behind him. She opened the letter, conscious that her eyes were upon him. It was from the wife of a college friend inviting him to spend Sunday at their country place. He glanced at his watch. There was barely time to catch the last train. Then his eyes fell upon her.

"Answer, sir."

"No. Wait a moment."

His eyes still sought hers.

"Can I help you?" she asked sweetly.

"Will you?" he flashed cagerly. "May I go to church with you tomorrow?"

The corners of her mouth drew together in a wise little smile, for Tom had not diagnosed her as being a clergyman.

"If you like," she said.

"Thanks," he said quietly. And, scribbling a few words, he handed them to the girl.

To Mrs. Herndon Roberts, Holly House, Columbia Heights, N. W.

Your letter misdirected and came too late. Greatly disappointed. Will run up next Saturday if convenient to you.

AUGUSTA SMITH.

Herndon Roberts, returning from the Columbia links, found his wife staring at the telegrams with disappointed eyes.

"This is against us," she groaned. "Tom has another engagement—here's his wire, and another from Augusta says that my letter miscarried and reached her too late. I shall write them both special delivery today."

Going to her desk Mrs. Roberts penned the following notes:

Dear Tom: Don't make any engagement for next Saturday or Sunday. If you have already, break it. Can't tell you why, but I'm very much disappointed. Take the 3:10 train by way of the Cortlandt street ferry. Always affectionately yours.

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Tom, suit case in hand, gazed helplessly at the closed gate.

"Too late to connect with the 3:10," he said. "This boat would have made it." But his tone was listless.

The official eye still regarded him coldly. "Sorry, sir," he repeated. "Where were you bound for?"

"Columbia Heights," he

"No more trains for the Heights today, sir."

"Where's the nearest telegraph office?" asked Tom, striving to hide the grin of delight which spread over his face as the man spoke.

He sent his telegram to the Robertses, jumped into a cab and drove home—elated. Disappointment awaited him, however. The house next door was suspiciously quiet.

"Cook says they've gone away," ventured his man as Tom sat down to his solitary dinner. "Claret, sir?"

"For how long?" asked Tom faintly.

"All summer, sir. Miss Smith has went to the Hot Springs. Rheumatics terrible, sir."

"Hot Springs—rheumatics?" repeated Tom, regardless of his English in his excitement.

"I suppose, sir, that when folks gets old they feel a bit shaky, sir," the man explained.

"Old?" roared Tom. "What do you mean?"

"The cook said Miss Smith would be sixty-four on next September, sir."

"Of whom are you speaking, Jones?"

"My reference is to the eldest lady, sir; Miss Smith, Mrs. Smith's sister-in-law."

Tom felt his face go white. He stared moodily at his plate.

"And she let me call her Miss Smith!" he murmured, a remark which, if his man heard, he gravely ignored.

For a week Tom lingered about his veranda and garden, desolate and discontented, and when a summons came from Holly House on Friday morning he blessed the fates. Holly House, at least, would have no haunting memories of her presence. Mrs. Roberts' message ran:

Third call to Holly House; will you come Saturday?

His reply was brief and expressive:

I will if I have to walk. TOM.

Having secured his seat half an hour before the train left, Tom was deep in his paper when the train boys began to cry their wares.

"Popular books of the day! Papers, magazines!"

"Give me Harper's," said a querulous voice from the seat behind.

Tom whirled.

"Mrs. Smith!" he cried.

"I thought you shocked familiar," smilingly, "but backs are often deceiving. Won't you join me?"

She made room at her side.

"How much of a ride do we have together?" asked Tom, having migrated. "My stop is Columbia Heights."

"How nice," was her answer. "You can help me with my luggage."

"This is providential," he cried. "Where do you stay?"

"Holly House."

"What!"

"Mrs. Herndon Roberts' place. I'm to be there over Sunday. I met her in Europe three years ago, soon after my husband's death."

Tom had opened his mouth to speak, but the transformation of his face at her last word was too great for speech. The mouth closed without a sound. It was she who broke the silence.

"It is strange that they have never said anything to either of us about the other," she mused.

"Where were you last Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" he ended.

"At Holly House. Were you asked?"

"I was. I missed my train."

"I was to have come a week before, but my invitation came late," she said. "Do you remember the special delivery I received a few weeks ago? I was standing on the wall talking to you when it arrived."

She said:

"It was an invitation from Mrs. Roberts to be at Holly House—"

Then they looked at each other unsmilingly, for the situation had suddenly assumed prophetic significance.

"I've known, I think they have been trying to bring us together," Tom announced presently. Her hand lay on the wall. He put his own over it firmly. "Shall we let them?" he whispered.

"It is too good a joke to spoil," she murmured, blushing exquisitely. "Do you think you can keep a straight face when we are introduced?"

Somehow Herndon Roberts received the confidence.

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Piles get quick and certain relief from Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. Please note it is made alone for Piles and its action is positive and certain. Itching painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickle-capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

Beau Brummel.

Brummel went to prison for debt, but came out again to resume his typical perks. His friends made him a small allowance of £120 per annum, equal at then to £300, but he could not be expected to live on such a pittance. When he had not 4 francs in the world he would order boot polish at 5 francs a bottle from Paris and call the tradesman who supplied it a scoundrel for venturing to ask for his money. In the end his intellect gave way. He lost his memory and much of his little mind. He grew slovenly and careless, for to the last clung to his only decencies and some other luxuries. Finally, his mind all gone, he was removed to a county asylum, being reduced to the utmost impoverishment and content to change his linen once a month instead of three times a day, as of old. There he died under the care of sisters of charity on March 30, 1840. Thus ended the striking career of perhaps the most worthless fop whom history records, his death being a fitting termination to his useless life.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin.

Cock Robin is a great nuisance when the nest is undergoing repairs or has to be rebuilt, for he everlastingly bothers the lady robin while she goes about her fine art of nest building. Does he ever assist in the good work? Not he. He will not sell his pretty bill with one bit of lint or moss, or anything necessary for the nest. After the little fellows are hatched he becomes a genuine old ne'er-do-well and will hover about the nest while the lady is away for worms for her young. He may once in a while forget his lordliness and bring a worm for his lady, but as for food for his offspring, the fuzzy little fellows would starve were they to depend upon the father robin for food. He seldom bothers about the little ones' first flight attempts, and will sit perched handily by while mamma tackles the delightful task. But let danger approach the young or the nest and lo and behold, Mr. Robin becomes a genuine fighter, and will draw near to the jaws of death boldly and without hesitation.—London Telegraph.

Fault of the Sex.

"John, look at that yacht," said Mrs. Stubb, who was leaning over the rail. "Just see how clumsily she tacks."

"What is the name?" queried Mr. Stubb from the steamer chair.

"Edith."

"Well, no wonder. Anything feminine always tacks clumsily."—Houston Post.

GUM ARABIC.

The Two Classes, Amberlike and Bleached, and Their Uses.

Gum arabic, which forms one of the more important minor exports of Egypt is really the sap from a special kind of tree which grows from three to five yards in height, whole forests of which are found in the Kordofan province and also near Gedid, in the White Nile province. The natives are free to collect the gum. The season during which the trees yield their sap runs from December to May. Prior to gathering the crop the natives prepare the trees by slightly cutting the bark in numerous places. The sap then exudes, solidifies in the shape of large and small lumps and is afterward gathered by hand, such gathering being done before the rainy season commences.

There are two main classes of gum—amberlike and bleached. In the latter the gum is merely exposed to the strong action of the sun generally in Omdurman—while in the former instance it is allowed to retain its natural amber color. The confectionery trade is perhaps the principal purchaser of gum arabic, though a very large number of other industries—chemical works, printing and dyeing mills, letter-press printers and so on—are interested in this product of Sudan.—Chicago News.

PAYING THE PENALTY.

The Way Beckmann Begged Frankel's Pardon Before Witnesses.

One day Beckmann, the comic actor, was induced to take off a well known newspaper editor, Frankel by name, in one of the characters he was representing in Berlin. He performed his task so cleverly that at the close the audience broke out into loud calls for Frankel. The journalist brought an action, and Beckmann was condemned to go to the house of the insulted party and there beg his pardon in the presence of witnesses. At the hour appointed Frankel sat in the circle of his family, together with a number of relations and friends who had been convened for the occasion, waiting the arrival of the delinquent. He arrived late, and half an hour had passed in weary suspense when at last the door opened, and Beckmann put his head in and asked:

"Does Mr Meier live here?"

"Oh, no," answered Frankel, "He lives next door."

"Ah, then, I beg your pardon," said the actor and hastily withdrew, having thus acquitted himself of the imposed penance, to the great annoyance of Frankel and the intense amusement of the assembled witnesses.—London Tit-Bits.

Posters in Paris.

A decree gives the authorities of every village and commune complete control over posters. No one, without our consul general, is permitted in France to deface streets and public places with flashy announcements. All improvements of the business or other subject. Billboards are independent in Paris and are generally built purposely into a wall, where they are taxed according to the superficial area. When a building is reconstructed billboard screens are erected to shield the public from dust and other annoyance such temporary screen will soon be covered with posters of amusements and other business, but each poster so displayed has been previously submitted to the authorities, a license obtained, and each sheet bears the canceled revenue stamp, according to its size.

A Long Swim.

A tramp has beaten all known records by swimming twenty-seven miles in thirty minutes. He did not mean to do it. He merely tried to steal a ride from St. Louis to Chicago on the roof of a locomotive tender. When the train started he fell over backward through the open manhole into the water tank. The noise of the train drowned his cries for help, and he was obliged to swim until the first stop was reached at Alton. When taken out he was nearly dead, but the engineer was so unfeeling as to call his attention to the fact that the water was only four feet deep, and he might have stood up. The conductor, also unfeeling, asked him for his ticket, but the tramp said he had not come by rail, but by water.—Youth's Companion.

Strange Bequests.

In his will Stephen Swain of the parish of St. Olave, Southwark, gave to John Abbott and Mary, his wife, sixpence each "to buy for each of them a halter for fear the sheriffs should not be provided," and John Aylett Stow left the sum of 5 guineas for the purchase of the picture of a viper biting the hand of his rescuer to be presented to an eminent K. C. as a reminder of "his ingratitude and insolence."—Grand Magazine.

Not Like a Woman.

"Have you interviewed that female criminal?"

"I have tried to."

"Tried to?"

"Yes, but she refuses to talk."

"Refuses to talk? Head your article 'Man In Disguise,' and make it three columns on the first page."—Houston Post.

Chance to Prove Himself.

She—I would never marry a man who was a coward. He—About how brave would it be necessary for him to be in order to win your approval? She—Well, he'd have to have courage enough to—er—propose.—Chicago News.

Rats, according to a government bulletin, eat $100,000,000 worth of grain annually, and yet in spite of rats and rates the farmers manage to do pretty well.—Kansas City Star.

Subscribe for
The MINER
and get all
the news

The Miner and Tribune Farmer
$1.50 per year in advance. Subscribe now

I will mail you free, to prove merit samples of my Dr. Shoop's Restorative and my book on either Dyspepsia the heart or the kidneys. Troubles of the Stomach, Heart or Kidneys are merely symptoms of a deeper ailment. Don't make the common error of treating symptoms only. Symptom treatment is treating the result of your ailment and not the cause. Weak stomach nerves—the inside nerves—mean stomach weakness, always. And the Heart and the kidneys as well, have their controling or inside nerves. Weaken these nerves, and you inevitably have weak vital organs. Here is where Dr. Shoops Restorative has made its fame. No other remedy ever claims to treat the "inside nerves". Also for bloating, biliousness, bad breath or complexion, use Dr Shoop's Restorative. Write to-day for sample and free Book. Dr. Shoop's Racine, Wis. The Restorative is sold by all dealers.

Free for Catarrh; just to prove merit a trial size box of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Remedy. Let me send it now. It is a snow-white, creamy, healing, antiseptic balm. Containing such healing ingredients as Oil Eucaliptus, Thymul menthol etc., it gives instant and lasting relief to Catarrh of the nose and throat. Make the free test and see for yourself what this preparation can and will accomplish. Address Dr. Shoop, Racine, Wis. Large jars 50 cents. Sold by all dealers.

If you suffer from bloating belching sour stomach, indigestion or Dyspepsia take a ring's Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal, and overcome the disagreeable trouble. It will improve the appetite, and aid digestion. Sold by Dr. Chadwick, Palace Pharmacy, Smethport; C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Notice.

Found—By the undersigned, on Main street, in the borough of Smethport a sum of money. The owner may recover the same by properly proving property and paying the charges for this notice. GUY B. MAYO.

August 14th, 1907.

The bites and stings of insects, tan, sunburn, cuts burns and bruises are relieved at once with Pinesalve Carbolized. Acts like a poultice, and draws out inflammation. Try it. Price 25 cents. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

Headache and constipation disappear when Dodds Little Liver Pills are used. They keep the system clean, the stomach sweet. Taken occasionally they keep you well. They are for the entire family. Sold by Dr. Chadwick Palace Pharmacy, Smethport. C. A. Anderson Colegrove.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

This college has recently taken a new place among the colleges of the country. Within five years, six new buildings have been erected, new professors added and entering classes nearly doubled. Good traditions, strong faculty, superb location, beautiful grounds and buildings, reasonable expenses. Fall term opens September 17th. Write for catalogue to President Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

Raise Rutes and Get Rich.

My large Spanish Jack, Pedro, will stand the balance of the season at Coryville and vicinity.

JOHN COXSONS,
Shingle House.

Young's store is still headquarters for bargains.

Young's bargain sale is still on.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made by R. W. Hilton, H. W. Rubin, Robert Baker, M. F. Strudy and G. B. Mayo to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 10th day of September, A. D. 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m., under the provisions of an Act of Assembly entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, P. L. 73, and the several supplements thereto for the charter for an intended corporation to be called Smethport Chemical Company, the character and object of which is the manufacturing and marketing acetate of lime, wood alcohol, charcoal and other products of wood from distillation, and for those purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and the supplements thereto.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.

August 21, 1907.

Notice.

In the matter of the estate of James Landrigan, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of James Landrigan, late of the township of Annin, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

C. D. UNDERWOOD, Administrator.

Coryville, Penna., August 15th, 1907.

DENTISTRY.

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